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SCENES
OF THE
COUNTRY-SIDE
DONAHOE

1, Poetry, American



X

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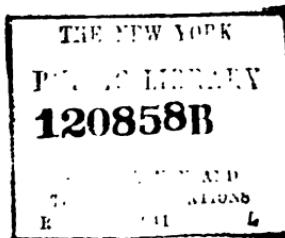
SONGS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE

BY

DANIEL JOSEPH DONAHOE

AUTHOR OF "IDYLS OF ISRAEL," "A TENT BY THE LAKE,"
"THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS," "EARLY
CHRISTIAN HYMNS," ETC., ETC.

THE DONAHOE PUBLISHING CO.,
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.



AMONG THE DREAMERS.

A maiden in the valley
Stoops down to pluck a flower;
It cheers her with its fragrance
Though fading in an hour.

So I among the dreamers
Sing out my simple lay;
It soothes me with the music,
Though dying with the day.

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DEDICATION

TO THE
HON. E. KENT HUBBARD, JR.,
ARAWANA,
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Among thy fields, dear friend, and through thy groves
Since boyhood-tide my steps have fondly strayed ;
At morn and noon and eve have I essayed
To sing their beauties ; where the quiet droves
Graze on the hillside, and the school boy roves
In careless sport o'er sunny bank or glade,
There many a rhyme my vagrant muse has made,
Near winding Arawana's silver coves.

And as the husbandman in harvest time
Gathers in golden sheaves the ripened grain .
Against the coming winter ; so do I
Glean unto thee a sheaf of random rhyme,
Voices of dreaming hours and strivings vain,
But fraught with living hopes that cannot die.

LIFE.

The flowers spring, the birds sing,
All nature smiles to see;—
The flowers die, the birds fly,
And nature weeps with me.

The gold locks grow silver,
The ruddy cheeks grow sear;
A mad day, a sad day,
The life of man and year.

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ALONG THE ARAWANA.

I. MY NATIVE VALE.

There is a beauty in my native vale
Outshining other charms; more green the grass,
More weird across the hills the shadows pass
From flying clouds; the dews here never fail;
With rosy showers, the summer dawn to hail,
Sprinkling the lawn with jewels that outclass
The glories of the Orient; in the glass
Of memory these beauties never pale.
And soothing are the scenes unto my soul,
Sweet Arawana, while beside thy stream
I walk, recalling early hours, that shine
Like a saint's halo. And the fiery coal
Of memory then purges every scheme
Of darkness; and I move in light divine.

II. THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

Fair Arawana, by thy silver stream
A thousand times since boyhood have I roved;
Thy groves and fields and meadows I have loved,
From morning dawn till evening's roseate beam;
Thy charms have been the frame of many a dream
That pleased my weariness, when far removed
By toil or care from thy sweet banks, and proved
Full oft in hours of darkness a bright gleam.
In all my years no grief has come to me
But some relief thy pleasant scenes could bring,
Though ever changing, evermore the same;
Now in the slanting sun, I look on thee
And hear thy falling waters murmuring
As in the morn, the music of thy name.

III. MEMORIES OF OLD.

On thy green banks, in childhood innocence,
 Sweet river, I have sported many an hour;
 Bathed in the waters, where thy vines embower
 A placid pool, with shadows cool and dense;
 Free as a bird from care's impertinence
 I've sought thy beauties after summer shower,
 And from thy fields plucked many a fragrant flower
 Whose odors, like my youth, have fleeted hence.
 Like tears these sacred memories come to me,
 While now at eventide beside thy wave
 I linger, moving through the deepening gloom.
 They bear no sorrows hither; for I see
 Dear faces in my dreaming; though the grave
 Long, long ago has closed upon their bloom.

IV. YOUTHFUL RESOLUTION.

Ere first the flame of love began to burn
 In my young bosom, and the fiery blood
 Coursed through my veins, a swift and perilous flood;
 Before my heart began to long and yearn
 For sweeter comradeship, oft did I turn
 To thy calm wave, and by thy water stood
 Dreaming of greatness; and the true, the good,
 The noble, with stout will, resolved to learn.
 Sweet Arawana, all the silent past
 Comes as if mirrored from thy quiet tide,
 Shaping again the hopes of that far time.
 Vain were the hopes; but long the dream shall last;
 And though my steps have wandered far and wide,
 The path was lighted by that will sublime.

V. LOVE'S FIRST RHYME.

When boyish bashfulness had passed away,
 And love had made me subject to his throes;
 When the first smarts of passion seemed like woes
 Too cruel for the soul to bear their sway,

Fair Arawana, then both night and day,
 I sought thy sweet retreats, and murmuring, chose
 Fond words and fit, till tender songs arose
 That even now are unto grief a stay.
 And while along thy banks, dear stream, I broke
 The silence with the sound of love's first rhyme,
 New glories were unfolded o'er the place;
 The trees that shade thy banks, from the stout oak
 And pine to the lithe willow, sighed in time
 To my soft musings, and imparted grace.

VI. THE SYMPATHY OF NATURE.

I've seen the stars look down with sorrowing eyes
 On my lorn soul; for when the breeze that sighed
 Till sunset had grown silent, and the wide
 Hollow was filled with shadows, while the skies
 Clasped the cold mountain, where the pines arise
 Out of the valley; then have I descried
 The stars agaze from heaven, as if they tried
 To catch the murmur of our wailing cries.
 Alone in the bleak night I've walked, my heart
 Bowed to the cruel wounds that death had dealt
 By severing the dearest of earth's ties,—
 Alone and overcome by grievous smart;
 Then long in prayer upon the sod I knelt,
 And saw the stars look down with sorrowing eyes.

VII. HOPE IN NATURE.

At midnight when by clouds of gloom oppressed
 I walked as if bewildered, and despair
 Shed a black shadow on my way, where'er
 I turned, and neither comfort found nor rest
 To ease the fearful woes that wrung my breast,
 Through death's assault and want's; fair streamlet,
 where
 Young flowers adorned thy banks, I came, and there
 Grasped the first hope that gave my life new zest.

For over me the stars in silence moved,
 With the white moon, and out of the far skies
 I saw their glory imaged in thy stream.
 "So in my soul," I cried, "the lost and loved
 Shall smile forevermore. Love never dies."
 The gloom of anguish vanished in the dream.

VIII. THE JOY OF SONG.

Oh, many a time, when from her window high,
 Through silver draperies gazed the tender moon,
 Blessing the midnight with her presence boon,
 Each field and fell and grove to glorify,
 Fair Arawana, where thy wave rolls by
 Through pebbly channels, singing as to croon
 A lullaby, I've brought my cares, and soon
 Felt my dark soul grow luminous as the sky.
 And like the silver clouds, the breezes bore
 Across the moon's white face, so unto me
 Came floating o'er my spirit many a dream;
 And giving each a wing of song to soar,
 Laden with love or grief, I set them free,
 And joyed to hear their echoes by thy stream.

IX. THE SOUL'S GLAD ANSWERING.

There is a sweetness in the morn more sweet
 Than that which morning bringeth. In the Spring
 There is a joy more rare in everything,
 Above, about, and underneath our feet,
 Than cometh from the scenes and sounds that greet
 Our senses. 'Tis the soul's glad answering
 That thrills the heart, and makes it dance and sing,
 Till heaven seems to live in every beat.
 For in the bosom burns a living fire,
 Kindled of God from everlasting love,
 That warms the soul to dreams of holy things.
 Thence beauty hath her birth, and soft desire,
 And poetry, that, like a snow-white dove,
 Sits in the pleasant light and preens her wings.

X. "I LOOK BEFORE AND AFTER."

When thinking of the days of youth, all flown
 Into the darkening hath-been, comes to me
 The thought of many an opportunity
 Lost past recall, which makes my spirit moan.
 Alas! my purblind vision not alone
 The temporal advantage failed to see,
 But graces of the soul there many be,
 Which but for stupid dulness I might own.
 Then to the darkness of the days unborn
 I turn mine eyes, and try to penetrate
 The adamantine barrier; but I meet
 Only thick clouds of gloom. As one forlorn
 I lift mine eyes to heaven and supplicate
 Hope from the risen Christ, radiant and sweet.

XI. THE MUSIC OF THE STARS.

When sorrow bowed me, and the two-fold grief
 Of need and sundered heart-strings chilled my day,
 The Spirit led me, God knows how, away
 To where the mountain hangs, a beetling cliff;
 Thereon I stood, a sole remaining leaf,
 That trembles to the North when skies are gray;
 Below, the throb of life and labor lay,
 A world of passionate strife. A moment brief
 Gave visions of a thousand joys and woes,
 The bloom of spring, and Autumn sedges sere;
 A variant voice that ravishes and jars;
 A wondrous tide that, strenuous, ebbs and flows
 O'er shifting sands. Night fell and I could hear
 The everlasting music of the stars.

XII. THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY.

When on mine eyes the light of beauty falls,
 And all the fields, o'er hill and valley shine
 In setting sunlight, streaming like spilt wine
 Down the steep West; my spirit then recalls

Bright scenes of loveliness, swift intervals
 Of flashing light, dream-memories divine
 Of glories which the seasons saturnine
 Of earth ne'er bore. From heaven's crystal walls
 Such fleeting radiance comes to cheer with hope
 The soul that looks for beauty; and the mind
 That gazes through the infinity of space
 And marks the myriad worlds in the wide scope
 Of God's great presence, feels no toil to find
 Soft rays of love streaming from His mild face.

XIII. THE ROAD FROM MORNINGTIDE.

Where roll thy waters toward the wider stream,
 Between green banks, that many a blooming thorn
 In fragrance glorifies, and vines adorn
 With bowers that glow in sunset's godlen beam,
 I linger 'mid sweet silences, and dream
 Of all the toils and sorrows I have borne
 Along the road that led me from the morn
 To evening's calm, rejoicing that the gleam
 Of love ne'er faded wholly from my way,
 But led me onward with its holy light;
 And though full oft dark clouds above me hung,
 Chilling my soul with fear, the warming ray
 Soon pierced the gloom, and made the valley bright
 With rain-bow radiance, while my heart outsung.

XIV. THE JOY OF EARTH.

Among the murmuring pines I walk alone,
 Where soar the gentle winds on odorous wing;
 Listening I hear their voices; lo! they sing
 Soft lullabies in tender monotone.
 Deep in the valley, o'er its bed of stone,
 With merry laughter, leaps the woodland spring;
 The squirrel, mad with mirth, is chattering
 Among the treetops. Not a sigh or moan

Is heard through all the forests; not a leaf
 Or flower or plant or dewy blade but seems
 Alive with love and gladness; and I cry:—
 Oh, kind old world, thou hast no room for grief!
 From thy dear bosom evermore outstreams
 A miracle of mirth and melody.

XV. THE PRESENCE OF THE LIVING GOD.

The morning opens like a lingering smile
 Upon the face of heaven; the eastern wold
 Is crowned a king with crown of ruddiest gold,
 Brought from the sun's red mine; beside the stile
 I stand in wonder, gazing all the while
 O'er hills and valleys wide, where I behold
 Rich blessings multiplied ten thousandfold
 In ripened harvest ranged for many a mile.
 Bowed under mellowing burdens glowing stands
 The orchard, and all purple droop the vines;
 The fields and waysides, bright with goldenrod,
 Rejoice; whilst all the flowers their dewy hands
 Lift up in worship to the love that shines
 From the dear presence of the living God.

XVI. ABIDING IN HOLY JOY.

The world is bright with beauty; never morn
 Since man first broke the clod his bread to seek,
 Rose with a lovelier glow upon her cheek,
 Or spread a fairer sky her brows to adorn;
 The dew that trembles on each blade and thorn
 Shines a small star; and all the sounds that speak
 From the near meadows, where the cattle sleek
 Are grazing, thrill the soul to joys new born.
 And looking on such loveliness, I feel
 Each globe of dew is a great lamp to guide
 My steps to God; and every sound that sings
 Along the woodside is a solemn peal
 Ringing all thoughts to heaven; whilst I abide
 In holy joy, and muse on holy things.

XVII. FEARLESS WE BOW TO THEE.

Through changing cycles man shall sound thy praise,
 Spirit of truth and universal love,
 Thou regnant God, all potencies above,
 Soul of creation's form, Ancient of Days,
 Unbounded Strength, that sure through their wide ways
 Guidest the whirling worlds; yet, like a dove,
 Bearest to man those fiery truths, that move
 The nations out of midnight gloom to blaze
 With morning glow. Fearless we bow to Thee,
 Father of Christ, our Brother, Living God,
 Whose sole Son came a sacrifice to earth,
 Gave his pure heart to death on Calvary
 To seal thy love, and make the cloven sod
 The token of our hope and heavenly birth.

XVIII. THE PRAISING OF THE LORD.

Full oft I strove along the path alone,
 When foes were strong, and friends were far and few;
 Oft the black face of falsehood seemed all true;
 And evil masked upon a kingly throne
 Claiming allegiance; and I walked as one
 Lost in the darkness. From my fainting view
 Hope seemed to fade; my breath in pain I drew
 And eased my heart with many a sigh and moan.
 But when I found my feet upon thy sward,
 Sweet Arawana, where thy matin notes
 Warbled of heaven to my infant breast,
 I felt again the presence of the Lord;
 I heard his praises from a thousand throats,
 In field and grove, and my glad soul found rest.

XIX. UNCHANGING LOVE.

Now in the low sun all the valley shines,
 With its broad meadows stretching far away,
 Robed in autumnal glory, and the day
 In holy calm above the hills declines;

The breeze that stirs among the crimson vines
 Whispers of coming winter and decay,
 But with no sound of grief; a heavenly ray
 Kindles my soul with dreams of holier shrines.
 I look upon my labors overpassed,
 The dangers of the day, the hopes, the fears,
 The trials and the triumphs; and I see
 Life glorified with love that shall outlast
 The change of seasons and the flight of years;
 These thoughts, like angels, minister to me.

XX. GLORY AND HOPE.

The shadows darken on the hills; the moon
 Hangs crescent in the rosy sky, and seems
 An angel, wings a-rest, among the beams
 Of Paradisal pastures, where the tune
 Of love, 'mid never-ending hours of June,
 O'erbrims the listening soul with wondrous dreams;
 I stand amid the dusk, and tender gleams
 Of silent splendor bring a heavenly boon.
 My bosom throbs with rapture born of hope,
 And hears, or seems to hear, the choiring stars
 In spherical music prophesying love;
 And then I gaze adown the darkening slope,
 Fair in the shadows, where no evil mars;
 Below is all repose, all light above.

XXI. IN THE TWILIGHT.

When dewy morning on the mountain hung,
 And sprinkled radiance o'er the grass and flowers,
 I hurried through the meadow scattering showers,
 With careless feet; or by the brook, where clung,
 Along the edge, white violets, I flung
 Me down upon the bank; and there for hours
 Listened to bird songs in the blossoming bowers,
 And with the birds my heart as lightly sung.
 Lo! now the sun has passed below the west,
 And twilight clouds already change to gray;
 But fear comes not; for from the east the moon

Breaks gorgeously above the mountain's breast;
 Each drop of dew, empearled with the white ray,
 Shines, and my soul sings out a joyful tune.

XXII. ON WINGS OF MAJESTY.

The twilight fades; in shadowy robes the night
 Descends with silent step and breathing chill;
 Beauty departs from every vale and hill;
 For darkness dwells on hollow and on height.
 So from my fading years the friendly light
 Passeth away, and leaves me without skill
 To grope amid the gloom; yet no fears thrill
 My soul, for she hath more than eagle flight.
 Rising on wings of majesty, she soars
 Above the sun-set mountains, to behold
 The light and gladness of eternity;
 Angels her comrades are; and she out-pours
 Thanks from a grateful heart, while rays of gold
 Stream from the glorious dawn that comes to me.

XXIII. WHEN WINTER COMES.

When Winter comes and these calm hours of gold
 Which ripe September brings, shall only gleam
 Out of the glass of memory—like the dream
 That visiteth the spirit when, all cold,
 The dawn is on the hill-tops, and with bold
 Assault attacks the gloom with many a stream
 Of arrowy radiance—we shall then esteem
 With holier joy the sights we now behold:—
 These yellow fields, rich orchards, burdened vines,
 All breathing ripe and wholesome fragrances,—
 The softened sunlight, and the harvest moon
 Gilding the dusk. Ah! so when life declines
 'To barren age, our dawn-dream memories
 Shall show us many a missed but precious boon.

XXIV. A JOYFUL EVENING.

Dark rose the morn; the trailing mists all gray
 Rolled from the sea, enrobing vale and hill

In tattered garments; every mountain rill
 Roared in its channel; voiceless every spray;
 Sweet flowerets budded but to fade away
 In early death amidst o'erpowering chill;
 Oh, death seemed welcome to my heart, until
 God shot a beam of light athwart the day.
 Lo, now the clouds break scattering through the sky;
 The mists arise in silver fair and white,
 And odorous roses all their leaves unfold;
 Birds sing among the trees; my heart beats high;
 Illumed with hope I wait the coming night,
 While sets the sun 'mid clouds of splendidous gold.

XXV. THE SNOW FALL.

Day rose with drowsy eye, but veiled anon
 Her face amid gray shadows, while the air,
 Silent and chill, uplifted with strange care
 The ringing of the church-bell. Every tone
 Was borne across the meadows like a moan;
 Soon broke the clouds upon the hills and fair
 The fields began to glow; for everywhere
 In silent showers the whitening snow was thrown.
 Hour after hour the flakes, like ghosts of bees,
 Descended noiseless through the weeping air
 Upon the flowers, all dead and honeyless.
 The brook in silver cells sang litanies,
 The copse in white cowls bowed as if in prayer,
 And earth rejoiced in sacred quietness.

XXVI. THE THRONE OF WINTER.

The barren woods are loud; the branches creak
 Above the ice-bound streams through all the night;
 With voice of mirth against the morning light
 No bird of song upsprings; but wild and bleak
 The hills enthrone the Winter, while outshriek
 The raving winds o'er hollow and o'er height;
 The frozen earth, in garments virgin white,
 Lies like a corpse with cold and pallid cheek.

But though so pale, she hath of grief no part;
 She sleepeth sound, a sleep of hope and ease;
 The growing light of each returning morn
 Engoldens all her dreams and lifts her heart;
 For in those dreams the spring's high melodies
 Are ringing, and the sweetest flowers are born.

XXVII. THE LIFE OF HOPE.

From pallid skies and cold the feeble beams
 Fall wearily, or strive through vapors gray,
 That seem to lead the light of noon away
 And dapple the dark west with slanting streams.
 No mellow radiance o'er the meadow gleams,
 Nor breezes mild sweet fragrances convey;
 But biting winds salute the rising day,
 While under robes of snow the wild rose dreams.
 Bare are the fields, and naked stand the trees,
 And murmurs under icy roof each rill,
 While earth cowers voiceless in the freezing blast.
 O, joyless season! sad are scenes like these;
 Yet hope lives on; each sun that fires the hill
 Rides higher and shines fairer than the last.

XXVIII. THE SILENCE OF THE YEAR.

Earth sleeps in silence, and a virgin cover
 O'er her cold form pale Winter's hand hath lain;
 She sleeps till Spring shall call her forth again,
 With music wooing her, a tender lover.
 Now borne on angry gusts the clouds above her
 Soar with black wings; but safe upon the plain
 As babe on mother's breast, dreaming of rain,
 The folded flowers lie till night is over.
 Ah! surely spring shall come with glad birds singing
 Among green trees; the liberated streams
 And flashing waves shall show the year renewed;
 So from her clay-bound bourne the soul, upwinging,
 Bathes in eternal glories; and the dreams
 Lift her to holy joy and gratitude.

THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS.

I. BEFORE THE GRAY OF DAWN.

I stood upon the shore before the gray
Of dawn began to dance upon the wave;
The moon had fallen to her western grave
Among the wooded mountains far away;
Then, lifting up her light with long drawn ray
Across the ocean, came from out her cave
The morning star, and all her glory gave
Above the sea in showers, like dewy spray.
And I could hear the waters at my feet
Lisping in gentle whispers on the beach,
While from the earth arose a tender breeze,
Bearing a thousand blended odors sweet
Of earth and sea, that seemed like heavenly speech,
And filled my soul with dreamful memories.

II. THE PROMISE OF THE DAY.

While yet the morning star is shining clear
A ray of glory comes, that suddenly
Begins to print white dimples on the sea;
Above the wave the pearly clouds appear;
And out of all the fields and groves I hear
The wakened birds choiring their songs of glee;
And wide-winged gulls, from dusky coverts free,
Are soaring o'er the waters far and near.
The ocean trembles to the whitening dawn,
And every wavelet wears upon its crest
A silver star, in promise of the day;
A million gems are scattered o'er the lawn,
The gates of morning ope, and through the west
The startled shadows, fleeting, pass away.

III. DAWN STANDS UPON THE SEA.

The stars have fainted in the glow ; the dawn
 Stands on the sea, a purple-vestured priest,
 And strews a thousand roses on the east
 From whence the star-gemmed curtain has been drawn.
 O'er all the waves a voice of joy has gone,
 Hailing the coming of the king whose feast
 The groves proclaim in songs that have not ceased
 Since the first shaft of light o'er ocean shone.
 And lo, the portal of the morn swings wide,
 And out upon the sea a wondrous train
 Of glory streams, a radiance newly won
 From heaven ; a living gladness on the tide
 Sings to the sounding shores that sing again,
 While from his golden chambers comes the sun.

IV. EARTH SENDS A VOICE OF CHEER.

Earth sends a voice of cheer against the skies,
 And ocean flames to greet the risen sun ;
 The vales where lingered late the darkness dun,
 Brighten their looks, and shout rejoicing cries ;
 The distant hills appear in liveries
 Of golden radiance, as they wait upon
 Their royal lord, whose path all shadows shun,
 Whose living light all dreams of gloom defies.
 And through the fields, bediamonded with dew,
 I walk in joy, while to their pastures go
 The grazing herds, and sheep the hillside seek ;
 The husbandmen with songs their toils renew
 Among the furrows, in the tilth below,
 And all earth's throbings but of pleasure speak.

V. THE LIGHT OF LOVE AWAKENS.

Sweet are the odors from the earth that rise
 About me as I walk o'er the young green ;
 Of the dead winter now no sign is seen,
 But living youth and beauty meet the eyes,

And lift their joyance to the warming skies
 From hill to hill ; and every vale between
 Drinks at the sun in ecstasy serene,
 From whose glad presence every shadow flies.
 And in the sacred warmth the light of love
 Awakens and outshines in bubbling song ;
 The thrush is in the valley like a breath
 Of incense wafted from some southland grove ;
 And from the orchard comes the robin's strong
 And martial melody, a voice of faith.

VI. THE POWER TO BANISH WANT.

Full many a night in winter I have heard
 The icy North drive showers of piercing sleet
 That o'er the unsheltered meadow fiercely beat,
 And shrieked among the russet oaks ; no bird
 Could stand the pelting storm ; nor cattle stirred
 From fending fold or byre adventurous feet ;
 Then of the poor, deprived of house and heat,
 I thought, and begged sweet pity of the Lord.
 But lo, I look to-day across the field,
 And see the warming earth all blossoming,
 With radiant power to banish want away.
 With toil and tending shall the harvest yield
 For all ; but let nor sloth nor greed be king ;
 Let toil and justice join in righteous sway.

VII. THE LIGHT IS LIFTED UP.

While now the light of day is lifted high
 Above the hills, the toiler 'neath the trees
 Sits at his meager meal, and takes his ease,
 Beside the sparkling brook that babbles by.
 Through the young leaves the tender breezes sigh ;
 The clamorous choirs of morn have made surcease
 Of their wild music ; still sweet melodies
 Out of the shrubberies rise against the sky.

And over all the hills, now void of dew,
 The cattle graze, and sheep and lambs are bleating,
 While little children run about at play
 Gathering sweet flowers of various form and hue ;
 While clouds above are rising and retreating,
 And I in joy behold the perfect day.

VIII. DREAMS OF PLEASURE.

Within the dusky dell the fronded fern
 Waves o'er the brink where limpid waters run,
 By tangled tree-tops sheltered from the sun,
 Forever hurrying to the larger burn ;
 And I, from wranglings in the forum turn
 My glad steps to these shades, and walk as one
 New-born into a sweet oblivion,
 Where naught but dreams of pleasure I discern.
 The hum of brown bees feasting near my feet,
 The cheery chirp of crickets in the grass,
 And songs of young birds fluttering in the copse
 Rise on the air, of reveries replete,
 And through the lonely quietudes I pass,
 Free as the breezes in the maple tops.

IX. A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Out of the distant meadowlands arise
 The shouts of sunburned husbandmen who wield
 The scythe and rake ; in shady copse concealed
 Children at play send forth their merry cries ;
 Half-way adown the cloudless western skies
 The sun descends o'er hill and lake and field,
 Scorching the gaze, like the portentous shield
 Of Michael at the gate of Paradise.
 Above the woodlands, where the mountains swerve
 From south to east, the clouds in masses dun,
 With whitening tops, low mutterings send forth ;
 While down the valley the broad river's curve
 Lies, a great saber, flashing to the sun,
 Drawn from his mountain sheath in the cold north.

X. WHY SHOULD THE TOILER FEAR?

When I behold the fields of ripening grain
 Waving responsive to the passing breeze,
 The flowers whose sweetness tempt the laboring bees,
 The herds and flocks grazing o'er hill and plain,
 These teeming splendors prophesying gain,
 And the far town, whose restless industries
 Hum like the bee hives—from my reveries
 A sharp thought startles me with pang of pain.
 Why, under such large promising, should want,
 As with a scarring brand, print lines of care
 Upon the toiler's face? Why should the fear
 Of hunger and the pitiless winter haunt
 The trembling soul, with need and black despair,
 While God with riches fills the laboring year?

XI. THE BRIERS AND BRAMBLES.

Shunning the dusty road I seek the lane
 Where either side is flanked with tangled vines
 Clinging to straggling walls that stretch in lines
 Zigzagging o'er a wilderness of plain,
 'Mid briers and brambles. Here I look in vain
 For toiler's cot. Behind the grove of pines
 On yonder hill the landlord's home reclines;
 A house where useless pomp and riches reign.
 Greed holds these lands in utter idleness,
 With neither bleat of lamb nor low of kine,
 Nor furrowed glebe to make the harvest glow;
 Acres enough a thousand souls to bless,
 That now in needless poverty decline!
 Robbed of the power to lift themselves from woe.

XII. WHERE IS THY JUSTICE, GOD?

I've seen on wintry night upon the street
 A little child starving for want of bread,
 His limbs against the weather raw and red,
 Nor clothes to warm, nor shoes to shield his feet

Against the icy rain or driving sleet,
 A waif upon the world, unhoused, unfed,
 Amid a wealth of splendor. My heart bled.
 "Where is Thy justice, God?" I cried, and beat
 My troubled brain to find an answering gleam
 Of light; the more I seek I find the more
 How toilers suffer while the idlers feast.
 Where is thy justice, Heaven? While I dream
 The sun is on the mountain and a roar
 Of thunder answers from the threatening east.

XIII. LIFT UP YOUR HEAD, O TOILER.

Lift up your head, O toiler, and behold
 The splendor that shall come from hill and plain;
 Here God has blessed you with the power of gain,
 For every acre teems with wealth untold.
 Yours is the land; its latent force unfold;
 It needs but courage; with firm will and brain
 Work your own justice. Surely not in vain
 Your need impels you. Be both just and bold—
 Just to yourself and bold to seek the right;
 Trust in your soul, and lift the giant hand
 Which through the years has fed the greedy maw
 Of wrong. But on your banner be no blight
 Of evil, no dishonor on your brand.
 Rise in your might and build the better law.

XIV. DREAMS OF A GOLDEN DAY.

Walking these idle fields, I love to dream
 How fairer than the wild rose by the way
 Their bloom might be, should come the golden day
 When the free toiler, saved from the mad stream
 That floods the city streets with strife and scheme,
 Shall till the acres, reaping for his pay
 Plenty and health for wife and child, and lay
 Stores for the hours when age his brow shall seam.

Ah, were there but a hundred cottages
 Built on these bare hills, and inhabited
 By brawny husbandry, whose idle hand
 Now blights, instead of blesses, even with these
 How many souls were saved from want of bread !
 How priceless were such treasures to the land !

XV. ON THE LONE HILL-SIDE.

The sunset pours a flood of ruddy wine
 Into the slumbrous valley's golden bowl ;
 Faint from the distant steeple comes the toll
 Of evenchime ; like sentinels in line
 Along the mountain top, hemlock and pine
 Lift their dark spears against the sky, each bole
 Black on the glowing west ; while stars unroll
 The draperies from their faces and outshine.
 I stand on the lone hillside and behold
 The whitening east ope its unclouded skies
 For the full glory of the harvest moon ;
 And lo, across the lake a flame of gold
 Flashes, a blessing to the gazer's eyes ;
 So earth and heaven in beauty are atune.

XVI. THE LAVISH HAND OF HARVEST-TIME.

The golden rod and aster at my feet,
 That all day long their loveliness displayed,
 Now house a thousand harpings in the shade,
 Music and song, that rise, as if to greet
 The largess of the year, and sound, with meet
 Rejoicing, earth's great joy ; for she has laid
 Her load of labor down, and like a Maid
 Of Mercy, brings but cheer and blessings sweet.
 And every breeze that stirs the quiet air
 Bears fragrances from orchard and from vine,
 Soothing and soft as in the year's young prime ;
 The redolency of grape, apple, pear,
 And all earth's kindly fruitage, is like wine
 Poured by the lavish hand of harvest time.

XVII. THE KINDLY TOUCH OF NATURE.

In all the wealth and splendor of the day,
 When shines the perfect fulness of the year,
 No scenes except of mirth and peace appear,
 No dream of winter comes or harsh decay ;
 The woods their robes of deepest green display,
 Save here and there a brilliant flush to cheer
 The gazer's eye ; yet cruel frost is near ;
 No prayer the hurrying wing of time can stay.
 O, soft delusion ! Nature's tender art
 So hides in present bliss the coming woe,
 Tinging the cheek of eld with youth's fair hue ;
 And with her kindly touch she calms the heart,
 Leading as mother leads her infant ; lo !
 Pleasant the paths she guides her nursling through.

XVIII. HASTENING THROUGH THE DUSK.

While hastening through the dusk I see afar
 The city lights appear, one after one,
 Above the river, where it turns to run
 Eastward ; and there, like many a rosy star,
 Mirrored upon the shimmering wave they are ;
 I leave the wood behind me dark and dun,
 The lonely hillside and the field I shun,
 And seek the highway through the yielding bar.
 Out of the west the golden glow has flown,
 And evening's tender star is shining fair
 Upon the velvet skies ; above the town
 Reigns in full splendor on her lifted throne
 The moon ; and 'mid the radiance, through the air,
 Unseen the moistening dews are sifting down.

XIX. THE VAGRANT IDLER.

Beneath a spreading hawthorne, where the road
 Rises, a narrow causeway o'er the stream,
 A band of vagrants bask in the white beam ;
 Four burly idlers, who all day have trode

The city streets begging at each abode,
 And now with mutterings low some evil scheme
 Plan to perform, while labor lies adream—
 Agents of ill more noisome than the toad.
 I glance upon the crew and pass them by,
 Well knowing from their jargon, vile, profane,
 The prison walls await them late or soon;
 Yet strong doubt troubles me—I know not why ;
 That some great wrong exists is but too plain ;
 Else why these wanderers, homeless as the moon ?

XX. GAUDED LIKE A KING.

High o'er the river on the hillside, where
 Its lofty station widens for the view
 The far horizon, elegantly new,
 Rises the palace of the millionaire.
 Here are smooth lawns and many a quaint parterre,
 A hundred fields posted with warnings due,
 Against the trespasser, and woods where-through
 No loiterer walks, nor dreamer's footsteps dare.
 The idle owner, gauded like a king,
 Comes driving by with plumed equipage,
 The dust in clouds that vex the vagrant's eyes
 Flying behind his heedless hurrying ;
 Only his selfish plans his thoughts engage,
 Careless of want and of its wailing cries.

XXI. WHERE SAFETY DWELLS.

Homeward beneath the ancient elms I fare,
 That lift their shapely crowns along the way
 On either side ; while children at their play
 With merry cries and laughter fill the air,
 A troop of happy spirits void of care ;
 Unburdened of the labors of the day,
 The elders come to view the gambols gay,
 And seem in all the joys and sports to share.
 And from each cottage comes the voice of song
 And mellow music, flute and soft guitar
 And violin in mingled harmonies.

And raised in rapture, as I haste along,
 I lift my soul as high as moon and star;—
 Ah, safe the land, were all her homes like these.

XXII. I TREAD THE CRUSTED SNOW.

The winter wind is loud among the pines,
 And flings across the moor its weary tune,
 While rises o'er the sea the waning moon,
 That fitful through the drifting rack outshines;
 I tread the crusted snow where late the vines
 Hung o'er the brook in many a fair festoon;
 Ah me! how soon the leafy prime of June
 To barren age and poverty declines.
 Yet lives a glory on the midnight skies,
 And on the sleeping hills enrobed in snow,
 As fair as summer's greenery e'er could boast;
 Thus on the path of eld a splendor lies,
 That driveth from the soul all dream of woe,
 And lights with rays of hope a lonely coast.

XXIII. THE HOUR IS WEARING LATE.

The hour is wearing late, and evermore
 The struggling moon is laboring up the sky,
 Where mass on mass of cloud goes hurrying by,
 While rises on the air the solemn roar
 Of ocean surges breaking on the shore,
 Beyond the wooded hills that sleeping lie
 In silent gloom, where, lonely journeying, I
 Behold the glories round me and adore.
 For while, like chilling winds, the memories
 Of earlier hours come breathing o'er the soul,
 And fill the mind with visions of decay,
 Even then, more sweet than murmuring of bees
 In June, comes radiant hope, to conquer dole,
 With living promise of a deathless day.

XXIV. IF EARTH WERE ALL.

If earth were all and after earth the dark,
 And these white waves that break against the shore

Should silent be to me forevermore ;
 If still the moon shall shine and I not mark
 Her beauty ; if in spring shall sing the lark,
 And I, a clod, hear no sweet raptures pour ;
 Then why hath hope e'er taught my soul to soar,
 And fired my heart with her enkindling spark ?
 Not of itself doth beauty speak to me,
 But of eternal glory ; when I gaze
 Upon the moving ocean I behold
 The power and splendor of Infinity ;
 And in my being such immortal rays
 Are ever shining as shall ne'er grow old.

XXV. THE SPLENDOR OF A DREAM.

Full many a summer evening I have stood
 Upon the sandy beach amid the roar
 Of rolling billows breaking on the shore
 And watched the moon uprising o'er the flood ;
 And while the sea in seeming gratitude,
 Received the silver radiance, lo, she bore
 A trembling image in her soundless core,
 That looked on heaven in silent sisterhood.
 Even as the sea, so seems my soul to me ;
 Out of high heaven the splendor of a dream
 Comes with the light of everlasting love ;
 Though but a trembling image it may be
 Of God's eternal glory, yet the gleam
 A beacon is to heavens of hope above.

XXVI. THE STARS OUTSHINE.

Now lie the fallen leaves beneath the snow
 And dead the flowers are in the frozen earth ;
 Out of the naked trees no voice of mirth
 Comes with endearing music, loud or low ;
 But from the north the piercing breezes blow,
 And frost hath bound the world through all its girth ;
 And yet of glory and light there is no dearth ;
 The stars outshine with everlasting glow.

The stars outshine ; and soon in season due
 The north'ning sun shall bring the waking dream,
 When all the fields again shall rise in bloom ;
 So in my soul the star of hope shines true,
 And in the radiance of the sacred gleam
 I see the glory of life beyond the tomb.

XXVII. THERE IS NO TURNING BACK.

The waning moon, still moving through the rack,
 Hath found her highest noon, and now descends
 The western slope ; the slender sapling bends
 To the sharp wind, that down its northern track
 Bore death across the pastures, cold and black ;
 The sheep are huddled in the fold that fends
 The killing airs ; and where my journey ends
 I stand, for lo, there is no turning back.
 O, fainting moon, how like this life of mine
 Thou art, so sinking to the silent west,
 Amid the clouds that fly across thy face !
 My course is downward now, like unto thine ;
 Yet like to thee, no griefs that cloud my breast
 Can quench God's light, the hope of heavenly grace.

XXVIII. THE PORTAL OF THE DAY.

Lo, while the moon descends the western slope,
 Breaks from the waking east the whitening dawn ;
 Across the wave a line of light is drawn ;
 The portal of the day begins to ope,
 And glory, streaming through the azure cope,
 Quenches the stars, till every light is gone,
 Except the radiance of the rising morn,
 And in my breast the living light of hope.
 O God, I stand amid the dash and roar
 And watch the daylight rising on the sea,
 While night and all the shadows haste away ;
 And in my soul I hear forevermore
 Thy symbolized promise, passing sweet to me—
 “After the night of death comes deathless day.”

LYRICS.

I LIFT MY SOUL.

The sun has set in the yellow sky,
The deepening shadows fall,
The wind sings fierce through the russet oaks,
Where the gaunt crows hoarsely call.
The hill sleeps under its robe of snow,
And the stream, in its icy cave,
Hath never a voice for the moaning trees;
'Tis silent as the grave.

The moon awakes in the wooded east,
Like hope in a woe-worn breast,
And a silver star with its dreamy light,
Hangs sweet in the changing west.
I see the gleam of my cot afar,
It shines through the sounding wood;
And I lift my soul as high as heaven
In love and gratitude.

LOST.

I sauntered out on a bright May morn,
When buds were white in the branching thorn;
I heard a voice from the greening shaw;
A golden bird on a bough I saw.
Like the winding notes from a golden horn,
The song arose and rejoiced the morn.
My heart beat glad with the birth of love;
I followed fast over field and grove;
But ah, the bird he went singing on,
Till night fell cold, and my hope was gone.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

With fair skies bending o'er me
 In clear and cloudless blue,
 And moist green earth beneath me,
 Refreshed by shower and dew,
 All day in shade and sunshine
 I lie upon the ground,
 A world of light above me,
 A world of love around.

With songs of mirth and madness
 Fleet birds are passing by ;
 The brooklet, full of laughter,
 Is glancing to the sky.
 In heaven there is no darkness,
 On earth there is no woe,—
 A world of light above me,
 A world of love below.

WITHOUT THEE ALL IS NIGHT.

There is no blue upon the skies,
 Upon the hills no glow,
 Above a sea of darkness rolls,
 A cloud of gloom below.
 The stars from heaven are blotted out,
 The hills are sunk from sight ;
 The living glow of earth and sky
 Is robed in darkest night.

But darker than the starless skies,
 Or clouds of night can be,
 The absence of thy cheerful face,
 And pleasant smile from me.
 O Love, without thy presence sweet
 Nor beauty lives nor light ;
 With thee, the clouds are fairest gold,
 Without thee all is night.

LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

The light of thy dear love e'er shines before me
 Morning and night the same;
 Thy angel presence ever hovers o'er me,
 Guarding from sin and shame.
 Light of my life; the world were dark without thee!
 Night and her stars are thine!
 Morn and her cloud-wreaths linger bright about thee,
 And blend thy soul with mine!

A lily thou, whose chalice in the morning
 O'erbrims with shining dew,
 Thy touch the baser clod so proudly scorning,
 Thy gaze on Heaven's blue.
 Flower of my love, my life were death without thee!
 Love's fragrances are thine!
 Morn and her cloud-wreaths cling in joy about thee,
 Blending thy soul with mine!

MY LOVE IS FAIR AS MORNING.

My love is fair as morning,
 When hills are green in June,
 And all the shady woodlands
 With bird songs are atune.
 Her soul is white and fragrant
 As bloom upon the thorn;
 O, sweet is she as springtime,
 And fair as summer morn.

My love is fair as evening,
 When twilight folds the hill,
 When earth and heaven are sinking
 In slumber soft and still;
 Then tender as the west wind,
 The words that I receive;—
 My love is pure as heaven is,
 And fair as summer eve.

DREAMING.

When the mist is on the mountain,
 And the sun is on the sea,
 When the birds their dewy matins
 Sing aloud from every tree;
 Then I seek the quiet valley,
 Seek the slopes above the stream,
 Where I love alone to loiter
 In the mazes of a dream.

There the odors of the forest
 Floating soft on every breeze,
 Sweetly mingle with the bird-songs
 And the murmur of the bees;
 And I drink the fragrant music,
 And it seems a draught divine,
 For I feel the soul of beauty
 Softly melting into mine.

And the bird-songs and the odors,
 And the murmur of the bees,
 And the sunshine of the valley,
 And the whisper of the trees,
 From my soul shine out in music,
 As the skies shine from the stream,
 And the vale is all transfigured
 In the love-light of a dream.

THE BREATH OF WINTER.

Low sinks the yellow sun
 And the day is wearing cool;
 Gone are the lilies white
 From the woodland's azure pool.

Comes like a dream the wind
 Through the boughs above my head;
 Sad showers of faded leaves
 Fall round me dry and dead.

Still lies the woodland pool,
And so sullen that she gives
No rippling answer back
To the falling of the leaves.

Ah me! the hours fly fast,
And I feel the winter's breath
Cold on my cheek; and lo!
Every flower is pale in death.

A WINTER EVENING.

The yellow rays were fading
From the mountains in the west,
And all the eastern woodlands
In purple light were dressed;
Out of the changing azure
The winter evening fell,
And softened with silent shadows
The face of the naked dell.

The leafless twigs of the elm tree
Stood black against the sky,
And framed the golden vistas
In a tissue of ebony.
No birds but the jay and the sparrow,
No flower on the meadows gray,
No sound but the softened murmur
Of the torrent far away.

And I thought of the days of summer,
The flowers and their odors fled,
The opulent pageant of autumn,
The light and the glory sped;
But the thoughts came not with sorrow,
For so softly the shadows fell
That they touched into quiet beauty
The face of the barren dell.

SHE BRINGS THE SPRINGTIME WITH HER.

My love's the sweetest floweret
 That grows upon the wold ;
 She brings the springtime with her,
 Though winds are bleak and cold.
 She walks along the meadow
 In beauty and in light ;
 'Tis sunshine in her presence,
 And in her absence night.

She's fairer than the moonlight,
 And brighter than the morn ;
 She's tender as the twilight
 When every star is born.
 She speaks and all is gladness,
 She sings and all is love,
 And every bird in silence
 Sits listening in the grove.

O love, when thou art absent
 'Tis winter in my soul ;
 The day is full of darkness,
 The night is full of dole.
 My life were death without thee,
 The very sun were gray ;
 But with thee earth is full of love
 That cannot pass away.

COLD, COLD, THE WINTER WIND.

Cold, cold the winter wind
 Breathed above the meadows brown ;
 Then came the tender snow,
 Folding all in silver down.

O, the sun with warming ray
 Soon will shine o'er hill and plain ;
 So shall life from death upspring,
 And the soul be glad again.

THOU ART A LIGHT.

O Love, thou art to me a light
That shines upon my way,
And guides me through the lonesome night
Unto a sweeter day.

An angel pure, O Love, thou art ;
For when I see thy face
I feel an influence on my heart
Of sweet and heavenly grace.

No staining thought the soul can soil,
When thou, my Love, art near,—
No low desire, no word of guile,
Nor passion insincere.

O stay with me and be my love,
My light, my angel pure !
And I to thee will faithful prove
While earthly days endure.

THE GOLDEN REIGN.

Glory shines upon the hills,
In the valley plenty dwelleth,
Music rises from the rills,
Every brook his gladness telleth.

Autumn holds his golden reign,
Golden carpets floor the forest,
Golden hoards of ripened grain
Gladden where the fields are hoarest.

Rich in blessings goes the year,
Plain she chants her tender story ;
“Live thy life in joy and cheer,
Thus to close in peace and glory.”

AS WE WERE WALKING.

As we were walking at eventime
 Along the meadows, in May's young prime,
 The robins sang in the apple-bloom,
 And woodland breezes bore soft perfume.
 We knew not then that our holiest hour
 Was pressing by like the apple flower;
 We knew not then that our fairest light
 Was fading fast to the silent night.
 Ah, now we know how the songs were sweet,
 How bright the flowerets beside our feet—
 How sweet the breeze from the woods that came,
 As twilight faded in sunset flame!
 The seasons come and the seasons go,
 We now look over the fields of snow;
 Our days are speeding in sun and shower,
 But nevermore comes the perfect hour.

DEJECTION.

The snow is on the hill-sides,
 The wind is in the pine;
 Ah, cold descends the night-tide,—
 A bitter night is mine.

The star of eve has fallen
 Behind the western height;
 Around me and above me
 There is no ray of light.

O days of youth and gladness,
 How swiftly are ye sped!
 Ah, light above the hill-tops,
 How soon thy glow is dead!

No moon, no star remaineth,
 No ray of hope to shine;
 The night is black and lonely
 And bitter woe is mine.

PASSETH AS THE DEW.

When fields were wet with the dripping dew
 And wind-flowers white in the forest grew,
 I left my couch and I hied away
 To sandy shores where the dawn hung gray.
 The dawn hung gray and the waves rolled white;
 Above the sea broke a wondrous light;
 Above the sea stood an angel fair,
 Her tresses waved in the morning air.

She sang a song in a marvelous tune,
 That filled the world with the joy of June;
 I felt my soul, as I listened there,
 Expand like clouds and dissolve in air.
 But swift the sun, like a ship of flame,
 From out the sea, in his glory came;
 From gaudy day fled the angel bright,
 The music died in the blinding light.

Ah me! ah me! how the dawning flies
 The tender rays of the morning skies!
 Ah me! ah me! how the pleasure goes,
 Like dripping dew from the budding rose!
 A thousand day-breaks I've searched the dawn,
 The vision's dead and its beauty gone;
 I've listened oft and I've listened long,
 But nevermore comes the angel-song.

MORN IS ON THE HILLS.

The yellow morn is on the hills,
 The year is in the spring,
 While song of birds and rush of rills
 Make all the valleys ring.

And through the dewy meadows wide
 Where bright the waters flow,
 I walk as in my boyhoodtide,
 Oh, many years ago.

Once more I hear the robins sing,
 The thrush his joys proclaim,
 And Arawana murmuring
 The music of his name.

As bright the flowers, as sweet the lays,
 As fair the heavens glow,
 As in my golden boyhood days,
 So many years ago.

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

When day-light dies and all the stars
 Are rising in the sky,
 I put all cares aside, my love,
 And off to thee I fly ;
 For oh, unto the drooping flowers
 No sweeter is the dew,
 Than unto me thy winning smile,
 And thy dear eyes of blue.

I love the grass thou walkest on,
 For when thou passest by
 The blades look up as if they saw
 An angel from the sky.
 And surely thou an angel art,
 For from thy gentle eyes
 The light of heaven shines on me
 Each eve when day-light dies.

BETRAYED.

On the rock above the river
 Where the tender mosses are,
 Walter sat and piped full sweetly,
 While the echoes floated far.

And I came from out of the meadow,
 And I sat me at his feet,
 Saying, "Pipe again, I pray thee ;"
 And he piped so soft and sweet.

Oh, we tarried there together,
 Bathing in the sunlight clear;
 One long day of love and pleasure!
 One long day of song and cheer!

To the rock above the river
 Now all tears I come each day,
 My poor babe upon my bosom,
 And my false love far away.

A MEMORY.

The golden moon of summer
 Was radiant through the trees,
 And fragrant o'er the roses
 Soft came the southern breeze.
 We walked in silent rapture,
 We breathed the perfumed air,
 Our souls were fused together,
 Our hearts were free of care.

Oh, God, how that one evening
 Lives yet within my brain—
 One breathing hour of pleasure
 That ne'er can rise again!
 Her eyes with love-light sparkled,
 Her hand in mine was pressed;
 The soft, low words she uttered
 Came thrilling from her breast.

Alas, her voice is silent!
 Her hand in death is cold!
 For angel wings have borne her
 To heaven's morn of gold.
 And I, in silent sorrow,
 Am left to grieve alone;—
 Yet, oh, her sweet eyes light my soul,
 Her spirit hath not flown.

DAWN.

I stand in the open valley
 Where, white on blade and thorn,
 Glistens the dew in the moonlight,
 Like a dream of the rising morn.

Over the wooded hill-tops
 That peer through the gloom of night,
 A star soars up, like an angel,
 Her great wings dripping light.

A soft breeze out of the mountain
 Where falls the moon, all gold,
 Fondles the flowers in the valley
 That droop in the damp and cold.

On the sky a flush of crimson,
 On the earth a thrush's song,—
 Oh, the blessed morning cometh,
 Though the world has waited long.

THE WHITE MOON WANES.

The white moon wanes to its dying,
 The cold wind sweeps the plain,
 I face the blast of midnight
 For ease from sleepless pain.
 I hasten across the valley
 Where the snow robes field and fell,
 And the brook in frozen fetters
 Is bound in the leafless dell.

And I see the great stars blazing
 O'er the wide expanse of night ;
 They fill my heart with longings
 Of wonderful calm delight ;
 They wake to fond remembrance
 The thoughts of my glowing youth,
 When my soul's best love was beauty,
 And its dearest hope was truth ;

When down through this silent valley
 In the spring-time of the year,
 I came with bounding foot-steps,
 And a heart so free from fear,
 And looked on those stars of heaven,
 So still and bright and fair,
 And felt the ties of kinship
 That bound my spirit there.

Now, after long years of labor,
 Of change and stress and strife,
 I rest in the peace that cometh
 From the dreams of my early life.
 I rest in the peace that cometh
 From the wonts of a glowing youth,
 When my soul's best love was beauty,
 And its dearest hope was truth,

"ON WINGS OF SONG."

When birds are brooding on the nest,
 The dusky boughs among,
 My spirit rises up from rest
 And soars on wings of song.

From star to star she takes her flight,
 And lonely as the moon,
 She moves above the clouds of night,
 Her words of love to croon.

O moon, thou white and silent queen,
 How full of holy dreams
 Thy influence to me has been
 Amid the misty beams!

And tender night, thy stillness pours
 A balm o'er woe and wrong;
 Amid thy dewy hours upsoars
 My soul on wings of song.

SOFT BE THY SLUMBER.

Soft be thy slumber, worn with the day ;
 Angels of mercy bear thee away ;
 Hark to the Saviour calling to thee,
 Tenderly calling, "Come unto me!"
 Weary and worn, thy journey complete,
 Lay all thy burdens down at his feet ;
 Lay down thy burdens, worn with the day ;
 Angels of love shall bear thee away.

Rest, spirit, rest ! the sorrow and care
 Bearing thee down, thy Saviour will share ;
 Rest, spirit, rest ! from trials made free,
 Hark, how he calleth softly to thee :—
 "Come unto me, O weary one, come!"
 Angels of love are bearing thee home !
 Sleep, weary spirit, safe on his breast ;
 Soft be thy slumber, peaceful thy rest.

THE VIOLET.

It was a modest violet,
 On mossy bank she grew ;
 Her lowly leaves were dripping wet
 With morning's brightest dew ;
 And from her bosom white and fair
 The rising odors filled the air—
 That modest little violet
 So wet with morning dew.

The simple little violet—
 She wept and softly cried ;
 "Ah, why am I so lowly set
 Amid the meadows wide ?
 The rose, she rises like a queen,
 The lily's grace by all is seen ;
 But none shall know the violet
 Or choose her for a bride."

Then through the fields a poet came
 With careless step and eye ;
 He thrust aside the rose's flame
 And passed the lily by ;
 He stooped and plucked the violet,
 And on his breast the blossom set ;
 Too full of joy the violet !
 She drooped to fade and die.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

Through the depth of the night and the darkness,
 That drowns the earth, like a sea,
 Through the rush and the roar of the tempest
 A sweet dream comes to me.

It comes like a frightened warbler,
 But it perches at ease on my soul,
 And sings through my lone heart-chambers
 Sweet songs that are free from dole.

My hearth is bleak and lonesome,
 I can hear the tempest beat,
 With its wailing wind that driveth
 Fierce rain and snow and sleet.

But shuddering fear has vanished,
 And a joy that is most serene
 Fills all my brain with visions
 Of valleys and meadows green.

And I see through the dark in the distance—
 How well in my dream I see !—
 A maiden with fair brow musing,
 And her thoughts, they are all for me.

And I know how the sweet maid loveth,
 And I know that her love is mine ;
 So the dream fills my lone heart-chambers
 With love and light divine.

THE FOREST FLOWER.

A floweret grew in the forest—
 A modest flower and fair,—
 And out of her fragrant bosom
 Came odors sweet and rare.

The brown leaves of the forest
 Were brightened by her bloom,
 And the dusky air around her
 Grew sweet in the soft perfume.

I found the flower in the forest
 When my heart was sunk in woe ;
 The joy of her fragrance thrilled me,
 And the sweetness of her glow.

And, raised to glad rejoicing,
 I sang like a bird of May,
 Till the wood was filled with music,
 And my woes had flown away.

I plucked the flower of the forest,
 And set her in my heart,
 And thence her bloom and fragrance
 Shall never more depart.

THE NIGHT IS CALM.

The night is calm and dewy sweet,
 The shadowy hills are fair ;
 Cool as the river at my feet
 The breathing of the air.

Sweet odors from the earth arise
 And fill with balm the night ;
 The moon is breaking on the skies,
 With streams of silver light.

And all is peace below, above,
 In earth and air and sky ;
 A heaven of light, an earth of love,
 A godlike harmony !

I STAND IN THE STORM ALONE.

Over the wintry wold,
 Gray with the driving snow,
 Sings the wild wind from the northland cold
 Dirges of death and woe.
 Buried in blind despair
 I stand in the storm alone,
 While night cometh down with shriek and frown
 And the light of my life is flown.

Ah, but the sun and showers,
 Bursting the buds of spring,
 Shall wake the meadows with laughing flowers,
 And birds through the woods shall sing.
 But to my soul sweet joy
 Never shall come again;
 For out of the tomb no life shall bloom,
 Sore sorrow is mine and pain.

'TIS ALWAYS MAY.

Now through the leafless winter woods
 The surly tempest blows,
 And o'er the barren meadow lands
 It drives the blinding snows;
 No bird is seen in field or grove,
 No floweret greets the day,
 But still my heart hath all the light
 And song and mirth of May.

Beside me in my sheltered cot
 The darling of my soul
 Sits smiling; in her presence sweet
 Comes never grief or dole.
 So, sun may shine or storm may rave,
 The day be fair or gray,
 With her to light me through the world,
 The year is always May.

WHEN THOU ART HERE.

A gray mist hangs on the hillside,
 Where all the flowers lie dead;
 The leaves are dank in the woodland,
 Their fragrance all is fled;
 The voiceless breeze through the valley
 Breathes cold as the frost of night,
 But I sing my songs, and the music
 Fills all my soul with light.

For thou art here, my darling,
 Thy radiant face I see;
 And the day, though bleak and cheerless,
 Is sweet as May to me;
 For thou art here, my loved one,
 And I look in thy loving eyes;
 And the heavens, though mist-enshrouded,
 Are soft as the summer skies.

WHEN THOU ART FAR AWAY.

When morn awakes on the hill-tops
 And all the fields are fair,
 I walk in the dusk of the woodland,
 Where odors are sweet and rare;
 I walk in the lingering shadows,
 And sing my songs alone;
 And though night is gone and the darkness
 There's sorrow in every tone.

The flowers are fair on the uplands,
 The stream flows bright along,
 The air is sweet through the pine-trees,
 The birds are glad with song;
 And flushing the golden hill-tops
 Awakes the joyous day;
 But there's woe in my heart, my darling,
 For thou art far away.

PARTED.

The night is dark and the winds are wailing,
 The russet oaks and the pines make moan ;
 The maiden leans on the cottage paling—
 Silent and pallid she stands alone.

Her sole sad hope is to greet her lover ;
 She harks to each sound, his foot to hear ;
 But the river beneath and the clouds above her
 Are not so cold as her constant fear.

He came to her bower when the day was breaking
 To sigh at her window a farewell word ;
 But her bitter tongue, to a heart that was aching,
 Gave answer cold and keen as a sword.

Ah ! the hard word chills and kills love's daring !
 Like a frightened fawn from her face he sped ;
 Where'er he walked his look despairing
 Showed a frozen heart where love lay dead,

And long alone in the foul night-weather
 Weeping, O maiden, shalt thou abide !
 Parting is easy ; but coming together
 Is hard as fate ; and the world is wide.

I WALK IN THE DELL ALONE.

She came to me in the morning,
 As fair as the smile of dawn,
 Her eyes as bright as the dewdrops
 That sparkled upon the lawn.
 A whole bright day together
 We loitered along the dell,
 Till low in the west the sun sank,
 And lengthening shadows fell.

All day in the trees and hedges
 The birds sang loud and sweet,
 And bees in the clover murmured
 That blossomed about our feet.

Her voice was clear as the warblings
 Of birds in field and grove,
 And sweet as the bees; low murmur
 Her tender words of love.

But evening came, and its shadows
 Filled all the dell with gloom :
 The songs of the birds were silent,
 The flowers had lost their bloom.
 And hushed is the voice of my loved one,
 The light of her presence flown ;
 And now in sorrow and darkness
 I walk in the dell alone.

LATE.

The night-long rain is ended,
 The white rack hurrying fast ;
 All shattered flies through the windy skies
 The ghost of the storm o'erpast.

I stand in the reedy valley,
 Where the river shouts and sings ;
 I list to the breeze that shakes the trees
 And whirls the leaves on its wings.

There's a gleam of gold on the hillside,
 On the mountain a purple glow ;
 But the leaves that fly soon fall to die,
 And I feel the touch of woe.

The goldenrod by the wayside,
 The roses by the stream,
 And the laughing light of the asters bright
 Are fled as a fleeting dream.

Late, late the year is wearing,
 Hard winter speedeth fast ;
 God pity the poor who must endure
 The wrath of the bitter blast !

I KNOW NOT HOW.

I know not how thy beauty falls
 So softly on my sight ;
 I know not how mine eyes can dwell
 On such a flood of light.
 There's surely magic in the beams,
 And love has toned the ray,
 Else were mine eyes in blindness cast,
 Or turned in pain away.

The light that glorifies thy face
 And lives in thy sweet eyes
 Was never basely born of earth,
 But comes from Paradise.
 From Paradise it comes, my love,
 To lift my heart from woe,
 And warm my soul with purer life
 Within its loving glow.

THE SORROW OF A WITHERED LOVE.

The night is dark and dreary
 And constant falls the rain ;
 I sit beside the window,
 And lean against the pane.
 The trees are waving in the wind,—
 The surly autumn blast,—
 The trees are sighing in the wind,
 For summer days are past.

My soul is sad and dreary,
 And woe is in my heart,—
 I think upon the vanished hours,—
 And oh, the tears upstart.
 And like the sad and fretful trees
 Within my life I feel
 The sorrow of a withered love
 That nevermore can heal,

THERE IS NEITHER DEATH NOR WOE.

Rain from the tumbling clouds,
Winds that bluster and beat.
Rain and breeze in the wailing trees
And the leaves beneath my feet !

I stand in the pelting storm
And lift my face to the sky ;
I feel the hand of death on the land,
And out of my soul I cry :

“ O winds that bluster and beat,
O showers of drenching rain,
Why fling about your arms and shout,
When the flowers are dead on the plain ?

“ The grass is dead in the dell,
The leaden lake lies sad ;
But the wind and rain leap wild o'er the plain,
And the swollen brook runs mad.”

Then the tumbling clouds cry out :
“ There is neither death nor woe ;
The flowers that are strown and the seeds that
are sown
To a sweeter life shall grow.”

ROSES ARE BLOOMING.

O, roses are blooming
Where Eleanor dwells,
A garden perfuming
The hills and the dells ;
At dawning or glooming,
On land or on sea,
Sweet roses are blooming
Where'er she may be.

The hues of the blossom
 Her cheeks they imbue,
 The thoughts of her bosom
 Are white as the dew;
 The skies, when day closes,
 Display her dark eyes;
 While odors of roses
 Around her arise.

So mild and so tender
 Is Eleanor seen;
 But oh, in her splendor,
 She walks as a queen;
 At dawning or glooming,
 On land or on sea,
 Sweet roses are blooming
 Where'er she may be.

THINE.

At morn when trembling dew-drops
 Light up the verdant leas,
 When odors fill the breezes
 That sway the dark pine trees,
 O, meet me where the brooklet
 Flows 'neath the drooping vine;
 I long for thee, my darling;
 My heart's best hopes are thine.

O, meet me in the morning
 What time the wooing dove
 And silver throated wood-thrush
 Sing out their strains of love;
 When bees are in the meadows
 And breezes sway the pine;
 Come then to me, my darling,
 My soul's best thoughts are thine.

IN THE SHADOWS.

From the dusk of summer sunset,
 With its rose-clouds, withering brown,
 A gentle wind up-waking
 Came breathing softly down.

I walked in the dewy shadows,
 That fell from dark-robed trees,
 And heard the light leaves greeting
 The voice of the passing breeze.

Still 'mid that pleasant murmur
 Of the leaves and breeze at play,
 A shadow of grief came o'er me,
 That would not pass away.

It fell so dark and silent,
 That it filled my soul with fear,
 As the white fog falls on the ocean,
 Or the marsh-mists on the mere.

My soul seemed tossed and straining
 Like a wrecking ship, in sooth,
 In the darkness of life-dreams blighted,
 And the broken hopes of youth.

Then suddenly out of the forests
 The moon rose large and white,
 And shattered the fleeting darkness
 With the shafts of her silver light.

Serene and fair as an angel
 She walked through the cloudless skies,
 And moved in her stainless beauty
 Like Eve in Paradise.

Then lo ! in my troubled bosom,
 A fairer moon up-rose,
 Sweet Hope ; and her silver radiance
 Dispelled all shadowy woes.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

I walked through the pastures to-day,
 Where the asters and goldenrod grow,
 Till the sun's latest ray, as it faded away,
 Was changed to a soft golden glow.
 And dreams of dead days came to me,
 Sad visions of sorrow and strife,—
 The gloom that oppressed, ere thy presence had
 blessed
 And filled with its sweetness my life.
 When the valleys were folded in dusk,
 And homeward I turned thro' the night,
 I saw the moon rise, moving up thro' the skies,
 With the glory and joy of her light.
 O, sweetly she shone thro' the gloom,
 And smiled in her beauty above!
 Ah, so thro' the dole and the gloom of my soul,
 Shines ever the light of thy love.

BY THE RIVER.

I am sitting by the river,
 For the day is done,
 And across the silent water
 Shines the rising moon ;
 Oh, across the silent water
 Falls the dream-like light ;
 But the moon in whitening glory
 Rises o'er the night.

Oh ! my loved one, oh, my lost one,
 Still thy memory's ray
 Falls across the deepening shadows
 Of my life's worn day ;
 Still for me thou shin'st an angel,
 Like the whitening moon,
 When I'm sitting by the river,
 And the day is done.

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

Darling, when the shadows fall
 And the day is done,
 When the crimson veil is drawn
 O'er the sunken sun,
 Through the meadows moist with dew,
 Swift I hie away ;
 All my hours of pleasure come
 With the close of day.

As the perfume from the flowers
 Grows more sweet at night,
 As the dewdrops softer glow
 In the pale moonlight ;
 So the hours of care all passed
 With the sunken sun,
 Joy comes springing to my soul
 When the day is done.

For thy pleasant face I greet
 And thy smile I see,
 When across the dewy fields
 I have come to thee ;
 When I hasten home, my love,
 With the sinking sun,
 All my sweetest pleasures come
 When the day is done.

A DREAM-SONG.

Last night in the silvery moonlight
 I walked in the fields alone,
 And heard in the murmuring pine-trees
 The wind's low monotone.

The river that leaped from the mountain
 Ran smiling 'neath the sky,
 And sang, 'mid the green of the meadows,
 A soothing lullaby.

The voice of the breeze above me
 And the river at my feet
 Uprose in a tender dream-song,
 Like music pure and sweet.

Then joy was alive in the valley,
 And danced o'er the bursting sod ;
 While high in the azure the moon shone,
 An argent shield of God.

THE POET'S SONG.

A bard in a lofty turret
 Sat dreaming night and day,
 His great heart fired with longing
 To sing a deathless lay.

He sang of power and glory,
 Of the pomp and pride of war,
 Of the hated doom of the vanquished,
 And the joy of the conqueror.

He sang of love and beauty,
 Of wealth and careless ease,
 Of the curse of drudging labor,
 And the pleasant ways of peace.

But his songs, that soared to heaven,
 Like the hushed songs of the spheres,
 Passed over the world unheeded,
 Too sweet for human ears ;

Till on a day deep sorrow
 O'ercame the poet's heart,
 Soul-grief, that pierced his bosom,
 Sharp-quivering, like a dart,—

He sang in his bitter anguish ;
 And the world took up the cry,
 And sings his song of sorrow,
 As the years go circling by.

THE WIND.

I am the breath of God ;
 I sing His love and wrath ;
 I bend the mighty trees
 Like reeds upon my path.

I lash the sea, whose waves
 In giant billows rise ;
 I lift the cloud that flings
 The lightning from the skies.

I curb my will, and lo !
 The skies serene and clear
 Enfolds the virgin moon,
 While troops of stars appear.

The whispering trees rejoice,
 The birds awake and sing ;
 The rose soft odor sends,
 Like down, upon my wing.

I bring the silk to the corn,
 I give the dew to the sod ;
 The world, with its love, is mine,—
 I am the breath of God.

OUT OF THE GLOOM.

There's not a ray of starlight
 In all the clouded skies ;
 Across the waving woodland
 The moist wind softly sighs ;
 Above the fen the fire-flies
 Are glancing to and fro ;
 And bowed in lonely sorrow
 Amid the gloom I go.

Oh, sweet the rosy cloudlets
 Above the morning curled,
 And bright the growing sunrise
 Flashed on the waking world ;

The robins in the orchard,
 The thrushes in the grove
 Sang loud in answering music,
 Of beauty, light and love.

All day amid the clover,
 Bees toiled, low-murmuring,
 And swallows flitted over
 The lakes on mirrored wing ;
 Then soft the eve descended
 With gold-empurpled skies,
 And blooms and bird notes blended
 In dreamful harmonies.

And now, though night and sorrow
 Brood dark upon the earth,
 With hope I bide the morrow
 The songful, glad new birth.
 My hand is on the portal,
 I feel the wakening glow
 Of life and bliss immortal,
 Though through the gloom I go.

GOD LOVES THE WORLD.

The glow of morning's yellow locks
 Lit all the hills with gold ;
 The pastures welcomed back the flocks
 That hastened from the fold.

A sparrow in a grassy nook
 Was busy with her brood ;
 Beneath an oak beside the brook
 A youth and maiden stood.

On every hand the flowers upsprang ;
 Song fell from every spray ;
 " God loves the world," my heart outsang,
 " And walks the earth to-day."

MY FLOWER.

As through the summer woods I went,
 The lonely pathways keeping,
 As musing through the woods I went,
 I met a flower of sweetest scent,
 'Mid dappled shadows sleeping ;
 She filled the gloom with soft perfume,
 My flower 'mid shadows sleeping -

O, long I paused to watch the flower,
 Amid the shadows blooming ;
 With ravished soul I gazed an hour,
 Upon that lonely, lovely flower,
 The silent air perfuming ;
 So pure and fair, the passing air
 Rejoiced in the perfuming.

And there I kneeled upon the ground,
 I kneeled with heaving bosom ;
 I softly stirred the earth around,
 And bore her from her native ground,
 That rare and odorous blossom ;
 In all her bloom I brought her home,
 My rare and radiant blossom.

And at my quiet cottage door,
 With sun and showers to greet her,
 I set her fairly as before
 To live and bloom forevermore,
 And still she groweth sweeter,—
 More sweet and rare, my floweret fair,
 With sun and showers to greet her.

THE ROSE.

As through the flowery fields I went,
 Upon a dewy morning,
 I saw a rose of sweetest scent,

That in her bower blushing bent,
 The fields with light adorning ;
 No sweeter flower illumed a bower
 Upon that dewy morning.

I said, "O rose, thou bloom'st for me
 All in the dewy morning,
 And I shall pluck thee from the tree ;"
 But soft she said, "Nay, let me be ;
 Take warning, oh, take warning ;
 For bitter smart shall wring the heart
 That plucks me in the morning."

I said, "I'll wear thee on my heart,
 O sweetest flower of morning ;"
 I said "I'll wear thee on my heart,
 O, nevermore from me to part ;"
 And every danger scorning,
 I plucked the flower,—before an hour
 She withered in the morning.

IN THE COTTAGE WHERE I DWELL.

In the cottage where I dwell,
 Peace and pleasure cheer me,
 For the lips I love so well
 Smile forever near me ;
 And the voice so sweet and low,
 Clears all melancholy,
 Making every thought of woe
 Seem the merest folly.

When the cares of day are passed,
 When my toils are over,
 Happy in my home at last
 As a bee in clover ;
 Then I sing my happy songs,
 Full of love and gladness—
 Sing my light and careless songs
 With no shade of sadness.

AFTER THE CLOUDS.

The sullen day was dying
 In a flame o'er the western height,
 And the hollow was filled with shadows
 That fell from the wings of night.

All day the clouds hung heavy,
 And the wind from the wet northeast
 Moaned down through the wooded valley,
 Now bare of bird and beast.

The waving pines and hemlocks,
 And the oak trees brown and sear
 Answered the wind in dirges
 For the death of the golden year.

The river flowed through the valley,
 All silent, cold and gray,
 Till the sunset crimsoned the mountain
 And died in a flame away.

Then swift from the vault of heaven
 The clouds were asunder torn,
 The rack was scattered by scourgers
 On the wings of the north wind borne.

And out of the Orient portals
 Burst forth a flood of light,
 That filled the heavens with glory
 And gladdened the brow of night.

And the river leaped through the valley
 And laughed o'er the shingly bars,
 As it mirrored back to the heavens
 The glow of the moon and stars.

NATURE.

All sweet the rosy sunset cloud
 Flushed hill and dale above;
 The birds for joy were singing loud,
 And singing low for love.

In scented robes of pink and white
 The apple-orchards glowed ;
 And down the vale, a line of light,
 The silent river flowed.

And gazing long with ravished eye,
 I felt, and knew its worth ;
 Sweet kinship with that burnished sky
 And all the light of earth.

LIKE A SWEET SONG.

The cool gray shadows of evening
 Are falling over the dale ;
 The weird, wild note of the wood-thrush
 Comes clear across the vale.

Oh, sweet the song as it wafts along
 On the breeze that wakes in the west ;
 And proud is he in the dusky tree,
 Where his mate broods on the nest.

And while I list to the warbling,
 I dream, my darling, of thee ;
 And sweeter far than the music
 The dear thought comes to me.

'Tis like the song as it wafts along
 On the breeze that wakes in the west,
 As, sweet and clear, while it brings me cheer,
 And drives all woe from my breast.

THE PERFECT MAN.

Put God's white armor on,
 Against the evil day ;
 And fill thy soul with holy truth,
 To light thee on thy way.

Be faith thy sword ; thy shield
 Sweet hope ; thy helmit, love ;
 Thus shalt thou stand a perfect man
 Before the throne above.

THOU'R'T MORE THAN LIFE TO ME.

Time never runneth fleeter
 Than when I walk with thee ;
 And, love, no joy is sweeter
 Than that thou bringest me.

All night I move beside thee
 In visions of delight,
 And in my heart I hide thee
 From morn till dewy night.

Thy looks are in the flowers,
 And all that's sweet and fair ;
 Through long and lonesome hours,
 The stars thy poets are.

The earth and all above thee
 Full of thy praises be ;
 My only love, I love thee,
 Thou'r't more than life to me.

SWEET TIDINGS.

The owl in the leafless tree
 Sits back against the moon,
 And stuns the startled ear of night
 With the stroke of his shrilly tune.

The roar of the torrent swells
 From out the rocky glen ;
 It sings of winter dead and gone
 And spring returned again.

There's snow on the cold hill-side,
 There's ice upon the pond ;
 The woods are bare ; like icicles
 Are the frosty stars beyond.

But, oh, in my heart I feel
 The breath of opening spring ;
 The roar and howl of brook and owl
 To the soul sweet tidings bring.

O, DREAMS OF YOUTH.

Oh, dreams of youth, so sweet and calm,
 Too sweet, alas, to stay,
 How soothing was your breath of balm !
 How swift ye sped away !

Where are ye gone ? Where tarry now
 The hours ye made so fair ?

Ah, woo ye not the wrinkled brow,
 The thinned and grizzled hair ?

Nay, oft beneath the skies I stroll
 Amid the dews of night,
 And seem to feel upon my soul
 The blessings of your light ;

I hear the rustling of your wings,
 The music of your song,
 Where falls the stream in murmurings
 The meadow flowers among.

SOFT ARE THY STEPS.

Soft are thy steps, O evening,
 When the toils of day are o'er !

I walk in the falling shadows
 And woo thy breath once more.

The rest that comes to my bosom
 From the toil of the sunny hours,
 Is sweet with balm and healing,
 Like rain to the drooping flowers.

For I fly to my simple cottage,
 And the faces there I find
 Shine forth with the glow of heaven,
 And soothe my weary mind.

And though worn and tired, O evening !
 I breathe a blessing to thee
 For the cheer of thy dewy whispers,
 And the love thou bringest me,

LYRICS.

A SONG OF LOVE.

I send thee, O my loved one,
From out the summer grove,
A song whose words shall bring thee
The holy vows of love.

Oft in the midnight silence
Thy spirit comes to me ;
I feel thy tender presence,
Though not thy face I see.

I hear thy tongue's low music,
As soft as hum of bees ;
Thy motions are like breezes
When June is in the trees.

Dear love, no sound is sweeter
Than thy remembered voice,—
But when thou art beside me
My very cares rejoice.

IN SORROW.

Ye meadowlands and pastures fair,
Ye dusky groves so green,
Ye banks where Arawana rolls
His liquid waves between !
How full of life ye are to-day
Beneath the summer skies ;
Ah me ! your beauties only bring
The tears unto mine eyes.

O, many a morn in joy and light,
And many an eventide,
I walked among your holy scenes,
My darling at my side ;
But now along the briery lane
I hold my way alone ;
The music of the world is turned
Unto a weary moan.

THE BROOK.

The brook that abides in the valley
 Hath ever a gentle song,—
 As down through grove and meadow
 It murmurs soft along.

It springs from the cleft in the hill-side,
 Where sweet white violets grow,
 And flows among the flowerets
 That gleam like drifts of snow.

When grass and flowers lie withered
 Beneath the winter moon,
 The brook sings through the valley
 The same sweet, silver tune.

The tender moss on its margin
 Is green as in summer time ;
 A gentle dream of spring-tide
 Shines through the frost and rime.

O, laughing brook from the hill-side,
 Still murmuring to the sea,
 Thy song is fraught with musings
 Of time and eternity.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

The sky-lark spurned the dusky green,
 And pierced with song the gloom,
 When came, in tears, the Magdalene,
 And found the riven tomb.

Why weepest thou, dear heart, so long ?
 Behold the empty grave !
 The Master liveth ; Hope is strong ;
 And Love hath power to save.

Nor youth nor beauty dies ; still sweet
 Rings out the lark's young lay ;
 The dew that flashed from Mary's feet
 Adorns the world to-day.

HARVEST SONG.

A bird flew southward to the sea,
 And as he flew he sang to me
 A song that ever seemed to say,
 Farewell! farewell! I seek to-day,
 Far, far,
 The fields where sunny pleasures are.

I listened to the simple tune;
 The chill of March and warmth of June
 Were in the tones; and suddenly
 Within my soul I heard a cry,
 "Heart, heart!
 How swift thy pleasure turns to smart!"

Around me leaves were falling sear;
 I said, "The harvest time is here;
 The swallow, summer's guest, is flown;
 So love and hope, alas! are gone,
 Far, far,
 To glooms where grief and moaning are."

But soon returned the sunny ray,
 Again the bird sang out his lay,
 And chased away both tear and grief;
 "Lo, joy is long, and sorrow brief;
 Sing, sing,
 Hope lives; and love is always spring."

I SAW HER IN THE MORNING.

I saw her in the morning
 Her face like morning fair,
 She walked among the roses,
 A wild rose in her hair;
 She sang a tender ditty;
 I sat and listened long—
 The blue bird in the orchard
 Ne'er sang so sweet a song.

I saw her when the shadows
 Fell long upon the lea ;
 She stooped among the asters—
 More fair than they was she.
 Her gentle voice was silent,
 Her face was marble pale,
 And like a blessed angel
 She moved along the vale.

I saw her in the evening,
 When twilight's latest ray
 Fell o'er the snowy hillside—
 In gentle sleep she lay.
 Upon her brow the roses,
 The asters on her breast,
 And oh, upon her cold, pale face,
 A smile of peace and rest.

MY GUIDING STAR.

'There's not an hour in all the day
 But gentle thoughts of thee,
 Like rays, when showers are passed away,
 Come sweetly unto me.

And through the long and lonesome night,
 Beneath the white moon-beams,
 Thy tender smiles and glances bright
 Are present in my dreams.

O love, thou art my guiding star
 O'er life's unresting sea ;
 O love, thou'rt dearer, sweeter far
 Than life itself to me.

I care not how the billows rise,
 Nor how the winds may rave,—
 Whilst I can see thy loving eyes
 The wildest storm I'll brave.

A TENDER DREAM OF LOVE.

She came to me when morning dew
Shone trembling o'er the grassy lea;
And not a rose-bud fairer grew
In all the briery fields than she.

I hailed her as a holy thing,—
An angel stooping from the skies,
My heart rejoiced in love-longing,
And gazing in her face and eyes.

I gathered blossoms from the tree,
And brought her lilies from the brooks,
And all day long she sang to me,
And soothed me with her tender looks.

But ah! too soon the daylight fled,
And ah! too soon the darkness fell;
A blighted flower, her life had sped,
Frail as the roses in the dell.

And now along the grassy lea
In silent grief alone I rove,—
Alone, for life hath brought to me
Only a tender dream of love.

A PERFECT DAY.

The sun is risen from the sea,
The rain has passed away;
The sky is clear as purity,—
It is a perfect day.

There is no dew upon the air,
No mist upon the hills;
The valley gleams in verdure rare,
And sings with all its rills.

Earth leans in heaven's fond embrace,
And to my ravished ears
Come songs of love, that leave no place
For sorrow or for tears.

SONNETS.

A LIFE OF LOVE.

I.—DAWN.

I love thee when the earliest ray of light
Dapples the skies above the pallid east ;
When the chill airs that numb the limbs have ceased,
And thro' the vales dun shadows take their flight ;
O, love, like that young ray, thy presence bright
Hath in my soul the joys of life increased,
Blessing my dreams with beauty, most and least,
And made the world a pleasure to my sight.
I love thee then, because the tender gleam
Of thy sweet features drives away all gloom,
And freshens with pure thoughts the heart forlorn ;
So o'er the morning hills the early beam
Awakes with songs each grove that, like the tomb,
Slumbered in silence till the touch of morn.

II.—DAY-BREAK.

I love thee when the purple radiance breaks
Above the wooded mountains, and the skies
Are spangled o'er with rosy clouds that rise
Out of the valleys, where the streams and lakes
Put on new glory, and the verdure takes
A tender freshness, healing to tired eyes,
Bathed in the dews that shine with trembling dyes,
A shower of gems in every breeze that wakes.
I love thee then, my love ; for like the dawn,
Thou shin'st in loveliness forever new,
And my glad soul, uplifted as with wine,
Even like the world, fresh glory taketh on,—
The beauty of dreams, of holy thoughts and true,
Born of thy love and purity divine.

III.—SUN-RISE.

I love thee when the risen sun appears
 With glorious countenance above the hills,
 When from the heights a thousand leaping rills
 Rush to the valleys, sending to the ears
 Their notes of jubilance, which banish fears,
 And rouse the gladdened heart to answering thrills ;
 I love thee then, because thy presence fills
 My soul with light that quickens, lifts and cheers.
 I love thee then, my love, for as the sun
 Adorns the earth with blossom and perfume,
 Waking both hill and vale to love and song ;
 Thy presence to my soul sweet joys hath won,
 Sweet dreams and holy visions, which outbloom
 With promise of a harvest rich and strong.

IV.—NOON.

I love thee in the fullness of the noon,
 When by the dusty highway blooms the rose ;
 When in the pool the lily breathes and blows ;
 And every grove is dark in leafy June ;
 When field and copse and woodland are atune
 With birds, whose full-voiced choirings heavenward
 flows
 Triumphant, and the swelling bosom glows
 With gratitude and love for every boon.
 I love thee then, my love ; because in all
 The glory of thy loveliness and worth,
 And the rich music breathing from thy voice,
 Unworthy cares can ne'er my soul enthrall ;
 I am uplifted from the gloom of earth,
 And moving in thy presence I rejoice.

V.—EVENING.

I love thee when the day is wearing late,
 And towards the western heights the sun descends,
 When through the valley, where the river bends,
 The loaded barges bear their harvest freight ;

When flame has robed the forests ; and the date
 Of summer overpassed, the orchard sends
 Its ripened fragrance forth, and the year lends
 Her wealth to toil, in measure and in weight.
 I love thee then, my love ; for like the year,
 More glorious grown in matron majesty,
 In wisdom and in beauty ripe and rare,
 I look upon thy face ; I speak, and hear
 Thy loving answer ; thou art all to me ;
 And lo ! my soul upriseth out of care.

VI—TWILIGHT.

I love thee in the golden afterglow
 That shines above the hills, when night is near ;
 When frosts have made the hills and valleys sear,
 And thro' bare trees sharp airs begin to blow,
 When birds no longer sing, and the sad crow
 Tarries among the corn sheaves, and with drear
 And melancholy voice, calls out in fear,
 While the moon rises o'er a world of woe.
 I love thee then, my love, for tho' the day
 Draws to its close, and out of the cold north
 Winter begins to breathe his icy breath.
 Thy holy love is with me ; like a ray
 It guides my soul above the fading earth,
 And cheers me onward toward the night of death.

VII.—EARLY AND LATE.

I love thee when the early light appears,
 And when the Spring with rosy dawn is nigh ;
 I love thee when the sun is in the sky,
 And when the Summer noontide glows and cheers ;
 When mellow Autumn gilds the ripened ears,
 And birds are hastening South with restless cry ;
 When freezing winds among the sedges sigh
 And the cold touch of Winter blights and sears.

Early and late, I love thee evermore,
 Thy presence is a blessing to my soul,
 A sacred influence of love and faith ;
 So when we stand upon the darkening shore
 Thy love shall light me where the billows roll,
 And guide me thro' the yielding gate of death.

THE AWAKENING.

O tender joy ! O sweet awakening !
 O birth renewed with soul of loveliness !
 Now rises every heart thy light to bless,
 Uplifted by thy loving power, O Spring !
 Despair is dead ; with sweet flowers garlanding
 Her shining brows, Hope dries each dewy tress
 In the warm sunlight, and all sorrowless
 Joins her wild song with songs the young birds bring.
 Behold the violet rising from the mould,
 The dandelion and the bluet pale !
 One after one they come with fragrant breath,
 Sprinkling the meadows in a shower of gold,
 While gladness lives and leaps along the vale ;
 Why has the heart been sad ? There is no death.

HOW SHALL I THANK THEE ?

How shall I thank Thee, Father, for the boon
 Thy hand hath borne unto my hungering heart ?
 For love that answereth love, in every part,
 Even as the sea upheaveth to the moon ?
 O Angel Love, thou comest in perfect tune
 With my soul's music, bringing without art,
 For love, love, joy for joy, and smart for smart,
 Sweeter than breezes under skies of June.
 How shall I thank thee, Lord ? To live and love
 As lives and loves my sweetheart, without stain ;
 To take and yield in joy and sweet accord ;
 With foot on earth and gaze on heaven above,
 Like dew-drops on the green, that give again
 The light they take ;—So let me thank thee, Lord.

HEAVEN HATH SENT THEE.

I know that heaven hath sent thee, a sweet star,
 To shine upon the darkness of my night;
 For in thy presence all my life is light;
 And when thou art away, I feel afar
 Thy gentle influence, that no hap can mar,
 Approaching like an angel presence bright,
 Within whose beams my thoughts are benedight,
 And all my dreams of heavenly shaping are.
 The glory and the loveliness of life
 Wake from their slumber when thy steps I hear,
 In thy pure presence nought of ill can be:
 Oblivious of the world and all its strife
 I walk beside thee in an atmosphere
 Of joy; for heaven hath sent thee unto me.

MY BEACON.

O my Polaris! while strong passions rage
 And evil comes and willett not to part,
 While throbbing virtue lingers in my heart,
 But flutters like a bird new-caught in eage,
 Let thy sweet shining but my soul engage,—
 Then gentle thoughts within my breast upstart,
 And quiet hope cometh with healing art,
 Soothing my soul with counsels sweet and sage.
 And while my breast lies open to the light
 Of thy dear eyes that cheer me from afar,
 I know I cannot wander from the goal:
 For thou my beacon art in the bleak night,
 My watchful guard, my steadfast guiding star,
 My strength, my hope, the anchor of my soul.

A NIGHT SCENE.

The clouds white-faced, but bosomed black as night
 Sank downward on the east, a ghostly crew,
 The howling northwind in wild anger blew,
 While calm above the tumult, fair and white,

The silent moon looked down with gentle light,
 And o'er the world a gauze-like radiance threw
 Sweet as the showering of the summer dew,
 A smiling witness of earth's sorry plight.
 O cruel seemed such placid loveliness
 When the far mountain sank as in a swoon,
 And the gray meadow mourned the summer gone ;
 It seemed to glory in the earth's distress,—
 But soon the winds were whist, and the sweet moon
 Whispered the coming of the year's young dawn.

OUR SHIP OF STATE.

Upon an angry sea our ship is tossed ;
 Wild shriek the boisterous winds thro' sheet and
 shroud ;
 The breakers dash against the mass of cloud
 That drives above, a dire and threatening host ;
 In this our day of danger, vain the boast
 Of human strength or wisdom ; marble-browed
 With fear of pending death we cry aloud,
 "Awake, O God, and save, or all is lost."
 O ye of little faith, God doth not sleep ;
 The wind and waves are pliant in his hands,
 And move but to perform his mighty will.
 Reef your proud sails ; your glorious vessel keep
 Seaward, and shun the perils of strange lands,—
 Hark to the Master's whisper : " Peace ; be still."

TO ENGLAND.

England, the pride and glory of thy name
 Must live in justice, not in force and wrong ;
 Shakespeare's deep music, Milton's mighty song,
 And Wordsworth's noble tenderness proclaim
 Thy wisdom, strength and everlasting fame ;
 O'er the broad earth the sound of thy rich tongue
 Rings paeans unto peace ; then why prolong
 War's barbarous broils and greed's unholy game ?

Look back upon the beauty of thy past,
 And cling unto the cross that Austin bore
 To thy white cliffs. Oh, let thy voice be heard
 In peace among the nations ; so, at last,
 Justice and joy shall flourish on thy shore,
 And all men hail thee with a loving word.

THE BRAZEN THRONE.

Why lingers thy avenging bolt, O God ?
 Accusing to thine ear ascends the groan
 Of toil struck down, while seeking but his own,
 A mendicant for justice ; and the sod
 Reeks with his blood, while tyranny rough-shod
 Rides o'er his writhing body ; but the moan
 Though high as heaven, stirs not the brazen throne
 Where greedy despot rules with iron rod.
 Why lingers the avenging stroke, O Lord ?
 Lift thy strong hand against the mighty wrong
 That fills the land with wailing ; arm with fire
 The people's spirit ; let the crimes abhorred —
 Fraud and oppression — earth has borne so long,
 Flame up before thy face, a funeral pyre.

LABOR UNBOUND.

Be thy hopes lofty as thy heart was low,
 O Lady ; for the shackles of despair
 The dragon Greed — unmindful of all prayer —
 Forged for thy binding in the cave of woe,
 Are riven asunder ; free thou art to go
 Henceforth upon thy ministries of care
 To soothe the fallen, raise the faint, to bear
 Their burdens, and thy tender gifts bestow.
 Fear nevermore shall hold thee, for the brand
 Of truth and justice that hath made thee free
 Shall blaze forever in thy righteous cause —
 The sword high honor wields ; while heart and hand
 He pledges to thy rule on bended knee ;
 Thine are his dreams, and his shall be thy laws.

FIDELITY.

O love, when night is silent, and the skies
 With gentle gaze bend closer to the earth,
 And quiet as an infant after birth
 All the wide world in dreamful beauty lies :
 Then waking from unrestful sleep I rise,
 And bowed in meditation, wander forth
 Among the fields, until I feel the worth
 Of the sweet harmonies that greet mine eyes.
 I see far stars sweep circling round the pole,
 And great Bootes move with mighty strides,
 Whilst calm Polaris smiles all tenderly,
 Pure, steadfast, true. Then the thought cheers my soul
 That in the north a tender heart abides
 As pure, as steadfast, and as true to me.

I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE OTHER THAN THOU ART.

I would not have thee other than thou art,
 My choice of flowers, fair bloom from Love's rose
 tree,
 Nurtured in Love's rare soil, and reared for me
 In Love's own garden. Evil hath no part
 In the rich odor of thy love, sweetheart ;
 In thy soul blending heaven and earth we see,
 Sky pure as dew on verdant blade may be,—
 I would not have thee other than thou art.
 Too good for earth thou art not; but can't feel
 The weakness of the flesh and all the pain
 That God's fixed rule of justice hath decreed
 To human error; and with sweet appeal
 To Mercy for thy lover, thou can't gain
 Thy lover's changeless love, thy pure heart's meed.

LONGFELLOW.

O singer to the child-soul dear, I read
 Thy magic numbers, and my soul is thrilled
 By sacred melody; the world is filled
 With vernal sweetesses; the cry of greed

Is hushed to shame-faced silence ; earth is freed
 From bonds of woe ; and birds begin to build
 In vine-clad portals, while their songs are trilled
 With mingled odors rising from the mead.
 Pure as the prayer of fair Evangeline
 The voice of thy sweet dreaming ; musical
 As thrushes chanting in the woods of June.
 Whilst like Sandalphon in his heaven serene
 Thou standest and to wreaths purpureal
 Changest with thy sure hand each warbled tune.

LEO XIII.—1893.

From when upon the lake of Galilee
 The rugged fisherman, at break of day,
 Sat mending nets, and heard the Saviour say,
 "Be fisherman of souls ; rise, follow me ;"
 Until this latest age, when wondrously
 The world shines out with wisdom's brightest ray,
 And feels the heaviest dole of error's way,
 No fisherman of souls like unto thee,
 In patient toil, hath worn away the night.
 O grave old man, pure, strong and without fear,
 The glory of the faith abides in thee,
 And love and hope live on, a blessed sight.
 Even now the Master speaketh, soft and clear,
 "Cast out again the nets into the sea."

TO CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

Deft fashioner of moon-beams, unto thee
 I send a greeting and a voice of cheer ;
 Though toil may bow thee, be thou void of fear,—
 Thy aim is truth, and love thy meed shall be ;
 Still let the child-soul sway thee ; wander free
 Where dew-drops sparkle and brooks murmur
 clear ;
 To song of bird and hum of bee give ear,
 And send thy message earthward dauntlessly.

Lover of beauty, wooer of the dawn,
 Say not it profits little, thy sweet song ;
 The heart that walks in dusk shall hear and bless ;
 So, be not silent ; fail not, fare thee on !
 The Master marks the purpose, pure and strong ;
 Thy song shall bear His stamp of worthiness.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

The fearless voice is silent now that sang
 Those truths whereby the soul to Heaven is drawn ;
 The poet from the paths of earth is gone,
 Whose music like the angelus outrang ;
 His ear is cold in clay that heard the clang
 Of angel trumpets promising the dawn
 Of God's white morning ; yet our hearts upon
 His loving thoughts and tender numbers hang.
 Bard of prophetic dreams, not all in vain
 Thy sacred rapture, not in vain thy lay
 That stirs the pulse unto a holier strife !
 There is no death for thee ; thy loss is gain ;
 Thy soul is still our comrade ; and to-day
 The light of earth is brighter for thy life.

TO KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Through stainless azure shone the April morn,
 On blade and leaf the starry dew still clinging ;
 A thousand birds on budding boughs were singing,
 While, odorous from green dells of brier and thorn
 And hill-side glebe, by colter late uptorn,
 Came freshening airs across the valley winging ;
 Then, white as lilies, in my soul up-springing,
 Soft dreams arose from tender pleasures born.
 Sweet Poet, 'mid those scenes of innocence—
 The light and love and sweetness of the time—
 Methought I heard the cadence of thy voice ;
 And from afar its mellow influence
 Came with the gentle burden of thy rhyme,
 Singing of Heaven, and made my soul rejoice.

THE PROMISE OF MORNING.

To Henry Coyle.

As when a star above the dusky hills,
 Whose wooded tops rise black against the sky,
 Swims into ken, and wooes the watching eye
 To gaze upon her beauty, while she spills
 A silvery lustre o'er the world, and fills
 The skies with promise of the morning nigh ;
 So comes thy virgin book, O friend ; and I
 Drink of the dewy dreams its hope distills.
 To purity serenely consecrate,
 Thy gentle harp is like that Nazarite
 Whose ringing voice from out the desert cried :
 " Prepare the Master's way ; make His paths straight ; "
 Earth needs thy service sweet ; thy cup of light
 Shall bless pale lips that must not be denied.

TO HENRY COYLE.

One pleasant eve, when from the glowing west
 The twilight faded and soft shadows fell,
 With moistening dews, about me, in the dell,
 I heard a wood-thrush warbling near his nest
 Amid sweet hawthorn blooms, as if his breast
 Was made by tender memories to swell ;
 By thoughts, which in fine strains he uttered well
 To all the listening valley, goldenest
 Of all the warblers. And I thought of thee,
 And of thy singing, O my gentle friend !
 Which, through the deepening shadows of this day,
 Fill our rapt hearts with clearest melody :—
 I listened till each echo had an end,
 And blessing bird and thee, passed on my way,

TO ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Poring upon thy magic page, I hear
 A swelling sound of tender melodies,—
 Voicings of Paradisal choruses,
 And strains that bear the soul from earth-born fear

To that pure region of perpetual cheer,
 Where hope and love wake stainless memories
 Of holy eld, in blithesome harmonies,
 Soothing, with dreamful charm, the ravished ear.
 Dear poet of fair visions, let thy voice
 Still sound among the shadows ; sweet and cool,
 As odors from white roses thy song's breath ;
 World-weary hearts shall hear thee and rejoice ;
 And sin-worn souls, no longer sorrowful,
 Shall bless the guide that led them out of death.

THE VOICE OF WOE.

Calm is the night ; across the drowsy leas
 From misty skies the white moon pours her ray ;
 And, dreaming even now of soon decay,
 The leaves are sobbing to the answering breeze.
 The cricket of the future woe he sees
 Seems chirping in the hedges by the way,
 Not of the present weal ; o'er hollows gray
 The fire-flies flash, like child-hood memories.
 Life seems but waste ; for every heart the scorn
 Of bustling time must bear, that drives apace,
 None pleasureing, or high or lowly born,
 Riding the laggards down in his hot race
 With merciless power ; in every sound up-borne
 On the soft breeze, the voice of woe I trace.

NOW BREATHES THE WATERY SOUTH.

Now breathes the watery South upon the hills,
 And flooding mists arise against the air ;
 The brooklet, breaking from his mountain lair,
 Rushes in laughter past the rumbling mills ;
 Robed in moist clouds, the northing sun instills
 New life into the earth ; and everywhere
 The greening blade drives out the wintry glare ;
 While every heart with rising rapture thrills.

Nor is the forest sad, nor meadows dumb;
 In living light the fie'ds are brightening,
 And o'er rathe flowers the bees begin to hum ;
 The woods and orchards with glad voices ring ;
 Out of the pines the black-birds' choirings come ;
 All earth shouts out her welcome to the spring.

LOOK UP, O SOUL.

Shall not the soul when earth's brief hour is gone,
 With winds and clouds that linger in its train,
 Spring to new life upon a loftier plain,
 Where robes of holier joy she may put on ?
 Spurning the sod, to rise, and without moan,
 From everlasting gardens fragrance gain
 Of flowers refreshed with heavenly dew and rain,
 And hear the songs of angels near God's throne ?
 Hope lifts the soul. Were not the stars most bright
 What time the north-wind made his weariest moan,
 When woods were bare and all the meadows white,
 And every sound of joy and love was flown ?
 They seemed to sing in words of living light,
 "Look up, O soul, thou 'rt not for earth alone."

WE ARE BUT DREAMERS ALL.

We are but dreamers all in the weird sleep
 That bindeth fast our eyes from God's vast round
 Of never-ending day ; and so profound
 The sleep is, that our very memories keep
 Their portals locked ; and though we stand and weep,
 Seeking to gaze beyond the sunrise bound
 Of life, our vision fails, as at the mound
 That holds our searching steps from death's dark sleep.
 We are but dreamers all ; yet through the night
 Shrouding us from the morn of God, we feel
 Soft rays of throbbing warmth and holy light,
 That from the spherical glory seem to steal—
 Sweet waves that wake to rapture our weak sight,
 And bear us visions of eternal weal.

A DREAM OF TRUTH.

Night in her mantle, woven of darkest grain,
 Robes all the sleeping world in silent gloom ;
 Sweet shine the stars, like clustering flowers in bloom ;
 And the calm moon sinks toward the western plain ;
 Here by the stream that flows with murmuring strain,
 Across the meadows, where the stars illume
 The frozen sward, I walk, and like the tomb
 The midnight silences around me reign.
 Lo, deep within the waves reflected lies,
 With tremulous perfection, every star ;
 A dream of truth from heaven's deep mysteries
 Shines from the shallow waters, near and far ;
 And my rapt soul is lifted to the skies,
 Winged with desires that man can never mar.

SUMMER WAS IN MY SOUL.

One chill December day I chanced to spy,
 Full-girthed upon a hill not far away—
 The sole green shape on a wide field of gray—
 A fir-tree, dark against a leaden sky ;
 So lone it looked amid the pastures dry,
 Methought it seemed a memory, or a ray
 Of summer's faded glory, whose display
 Made sorry show in Winter' surly eye.
 Soon from its gloom I heard a cheerful throng,
 With chirpings ; for a thousand sparrows there
 Fluttering filled its heart with homely song ;
 And I forgot the fields all brown and bare ;
 The mirth uplifted me and made me strong ;
 Summer was in my soul and earth grew fair.

TO CHARLES PHILLIPS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

On his marriage at Dawson, Neb., Dec. 21, 1910.

A lover hastens from the Golden Shore
 To meet the bride our gorgeous East has sent ;
 While she, like sunshine from the Orient,
 Bears her light westward, o'er his soul to pour

With her sweet presence all love's tender store ;
They meet midway upon the continent,
Where in the grace of love's dear sacrament
Their hands are clasped in pledge, to part no more.
Dear friend, I send thee from this morningland,
A dower of golden wishes, greeting thee
And the fair bride who walks at thy right hand,—
Wishes and prayers that every boon may be
The burden of your lives, until you stand
Fearless upon the shore of Death's dark sea.

SONGS IN VARIOUS MOODS.

MY CHAPLET.

I come to cull sweet blossoms
Of pure and rare perfume ;
To wreath a simple chaplet
To deck my loved one's tomb.
Oh, how shall I wreath the chaplet,
And what shall the flowerets be ?
Ora, ora pro nobis,
Mater Domini.

The violets are vanished,
The buttercups are flown ;
The stream flows down the valley
In a mournful monotone ;
The scent of the wayside roses
Is now but a memory ;
Ah, miserere nobis,
Jesu Domine !

Unfading flowers I'll gather,
Of pure and rare perfume;
I'll hang a deathless chaplet
Above my loved one's tomb.
Strong prayers shall rise like incense,
Dear Son of Love, to thee;
O lend thy gentle pleading
Mater Domini.

WHEN THE ROSES ARE IN BLOSSOM.

When the roses are in blossom and the birds are in the
bowers,
And the clover fields are murmuring to the bee,
Sweet and lovely in the morning as the perfumes and the
flowers,
Is my darling as she walks across the lea.

And I watch her from my window, and my soul is full of
joy,
For she pours such blessed sunshine o'er my way,
That no shadow ever cometh, and no grief to give annoy;
Pleasure liveth in her presence like the day.

And though sunny summer passes, and the leaves have left
the trees,
Though the wind comes and its wailings never cease,
Still the roses and the bird-songs and the murmuring of
bees
Fill my soul with all their melody and peace.

For the sweetness of her presence comes like zephyrs of
the Spring,
And her voice is like the ripple of the stream;
While the roses and the birdsongs, and the bees' low mur-
muring,
Breathe about her like the glory of a dream.

VISIONS.

If my tongue could only frame
Seemly verse to lodge and name
All my dreamings, life would be
Like a Paradise to me.

Soul-songs, floating from the spheres,
Sound upon my listening ears ;
Harpings from celestial choirs,
Fraught with sacred, wild desires ;
Cheering visions, night and day,
But I cannot frame the lay.

Odors out of gardens rare
Waft on every wave of air,
Wed with sun-bright melodies,
Giving birth to memories
Of the green earth's youth of gold,
And of holy ones of old,
Who could set all scorn at naught
For the joy of blessed thought.

And at times my spirit flies
Through the future's opening skies,
Where, like golden sun-rise clouds,
All the mystery that enshrouds
Time, is turned to vistas bright,
Yielding glimpses of God's light.
Then the voices of the earth,
Tuned to notes of heavenly birth,
Ring in rich, harmonious rhyme,
Chanting victory over crime.

Night and morn such dreams as these,
Soothing as the sound of bees,
Borne on songs of angel choirs,
Lift my soul to sweet desires.
But my tongue, benumbed of clay,
Half the beauty cannot say
Of the visions, and I weep,—
Life is but a dungeon-keep.

WHEREFORE WEEPEST THOU?

In the rosy rays of dawn,
O'er the dew-emporled lawn,
 Came the Magdalene, sad-hearted,
 To the tomb, whence she departed,
Yestereve, when light was gone.

And her eye-lids still undried,
Weeping for the Crucified,
 She with spices came returning,
 All her soul within her burning,
With the love of Him that died.

But what grief and cruel fear
Seized her as she drew anear,
 And within the tomb, while gazing,
 Saw the vision, sore-amazing,—
Cerements and an empty bier.

Ah, with heaving breast she cried,
Seeking through the garden wide,
 In her anguish wildly weeping,
 Still the woeful burden keeping,
“Where is He, the Crucified?”

Then like music on her ear
Fell the words of soothing cheer,
 “Woman, wherefore weep’st thou?” Sweetly
 Through her soul they rang, completely
Driving forth all grief and fear.

To the spirit, worn and weak,
Gently doth the story speak,
 Sweet the lesson that it teacheth ;
 Still the healing comfort reacheth
Every soul that dares to seek.

OUT OF THE TEMPEST.

The clouds in the rough March morning
 Went trooping through the sky,
 The bending tree-tops spurning
 With their swift feet hurrying by.
 I heard the distant moaning
 Of the sea upon the shore
 And the wood's responsive groaning
 To the wild wind's ceaseless roar.

And urged by a restless spirit
 As wild as the wind and free,
 That knew no force to fear it,
 I strode to the restless sea.
 I heard the voice of the billow
 I tasted the salt of the spray,
 I bowed to the wind like a willow,
 And sped through the mist so gray.

Then came a crash of thunder,
 The skies were rent in twain,
 The sea seemed torn asunder,
 The dun clouds fell in rain.
 But the rush of the rain down-pouring,
 The sea's unceasing roll,
 The earth to the ocean roaring,
 With a wild joy filled my soul.

I feared not the storm, and heeded
 The wave-like rush of the rain
 No more than the angry sea did
 As it broke on the pebbly plain.
 But, bowed to the wind's deep sobbing,
 O'er the beach I sped along,
 And eased my heart's mad throbbing
 With the soothing words of a song,

Lo ! soon with sudden silence
 The wind died out on high,

And the clouds, like snow-crowned islands,
 Went floating through the sky ;
 The sun with a warmer radiance
 Looked down upon the sea,
 Whence came a softer cadence,
 As it murmured quietly.

And I lifted my face to heaven
 And breathed a thankful prayer,
 For lo ! to my soul was given
 A dream of peace, so rare.
 The fury of hating and scorning,
 The stress of passion and strife,
 Had passed, like a tempest of morning,
 From the fair blue sky of my life.

EVER NEAR.

O love, thy face, though far, is ever present,
 And thy kind glances, like the moon at night,
 Shine on my life, thus making safe and pleasant
 Every rough way, with thy soul-kindling light ;
 And all my dearest thoughts fly out to thee,—
 Light of my life, thou'rt never far from me !

When on the hills the day is slowly dying,
 And the pale stars peep shyly from the skies,
 When 'mid white clouds the winged moon is flying,
 And gray woods to the wind sing symphonies ;
 Still as I gaze on nature's face so fair,
 Heart's dearest love ! thy smile is present there.

And through the long and lonesome midnight hours,
 Dreaming, my soul still hears thy tender voice,
 And as the flowerets smile in sun and showers,
 So doth my heart grow stronger and rejoice.
 Thus day and night, wherever thou may'st be,
 Light of life ! thou'rt never far from me.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Up from the vales a voice of gladness comes,
 Out of the woods a sound of waking mirth ;
 Dead lies the winter 'neath the greening earth,
 And young Spring lives adorned in fragrant blooms ;
 The breezy hills and the pure skies above
 Awake the world to dreams of joy and love.

Hark ! how the bird-songs float into the sky,
 From field and fen, from tree and shrub and brush,
 Sparrow and linnet, bluebird, red-wing, thrush,
 Voice their delight in ravishing melody ;
 Winged are the songs with love, and every breeze
 That bears them on is fraught of fragrances.

Along the valley where the violets grow
 The narrow river rushes on its way,
 Glad with the warmth and freshness of the day,
 And glancing back to heaven with its own glow,
 As hearts that hold to beauty, love and truth,
 Shine in the eye of God with His own routh.

Over the hills where the young grass is sprent
 With dandelion rath, and bluet pale,
 Lean cows are grazing, and along the vale
 The merry lambkins frisk, while flocks, unspent
 From the fenced fold, go forth upon the scene,
 And through the meadows crop the tender green.

But while upon the hillside fair I stand
 And feel the joy this beauty brings to me,
 Alas ! I look about me and I see
 Foul misery and want on every hand.
 The voice of sorrow, the shrill cry of pain
 Rise out of wasted hearts, ah me, how vain !

Not vain, O God ! Thy law is truth and love ;
 The day of right and justice shall prevail ;
 Man seeketh self, but his designs shall fail ;

Thy hand shall lead him, like the Blest above,
 To feel the heavenly joy of being just ;
 Our hope abides, O God ! In Thee we trust.

UNDER THE STARS.

The midnight hour is here, and silence broods
 With folded wings o'er all the sleeping world ;
 The whippowill within the sedgy fen
 Hath hushed his querulous song, and the dull owl
 Sits calm and voiceless in the darksome wood.
 Impelled by sleepless care I walk abroad
 Through the moist meadows, where the breathing flowers
 Send forth sweet incense to the stooping hills,
 Whose shadows hold the vale in loved embrace.
 Softly the breeze comes from the groves afar
 And gathering from the meads a thousand sweets
 Bears them away in silence to the stars,
 Whilst earth sits weeping tears of pearly dew
 For the dear loss, but speaks no evil word.

Out of the moonless skies the luminous stars,
 Circling in wondrous harmony and grace
 Round the great central Throne of Majesty,
 Flash down sweet words of peace and truth and love ;
 Peace in the perfect motion of the spheres,
 Truth in the light that streams upon the world,
 And love in the dread power that holds them still
 Unswerving in their way through the blue deeps.

I bow my head in silence as I walk,
 And saddening cares and wearing toil forgot,
 I listen to the voices of the stars,
 That speak to me with no uncertain sound.
 And in their motion do they sing, O God,
 Thy praise and love, Thy majesty and might.
 In such a blessed hour grief flies, and leaves
 The soul rejoicing, for the glory of God
 Falls down in golden rays upon the earth,
 And truth and beauty live in the sweet light.

THE PEACE OF GOD'S WHITE MORNING.

Lo, on the snow-capped summit of the mountain,
 The sun, still viewless to the valley-dwellers,
 Flashes the rosy signal of his coming
 To men of hope that walk in the low meadows.
 But in the valley-fields brown shadows linger,
 And noises of the night-tide haunt the caverns—
 Moanings and cries and muttered words of danger,
 Wrong's tyrant-voice, the hushed, low cry of labor,
 The trumpet's blare, the clang of arms and clangor
 Of armed hosts contending in the darkness,
 And the wild wail that rises from the dying.

What mean these moans and cries and words of danger?
 What mean the blaring trump, and clang and clangor?
 What mean the maddened hosts amid the darkness
 Who wake the wild wail o'er the dead and dying?

Oh, God, comes no calm voice of love to silence
 Those braying brawlers clamoring in the caverns?
 Comes no mild music, that with soothing sweetness,
 Shall ravish man to God and heal his madness?
 Comes no calm light that, with enchanting splendor,
 Shall show the wreck of beauty in the valley?

Yea, men of hope, that walk in the low meadows,
 Open your ears and hear, like choiring thrushes,
 The voice of angels, sounding from the heavens
 The hymn of holy love that lives eternal—
 "Sweet peace to righteous men, to God all glory!"
 And hark! e'en now, through waning night, are wafted
 The thunder tones of God's supernal organ,
 That lift the soul on wings of holy rapture.
 And lo! the radiance on the mountain summit,
 The rosy signal of day's instant coming!
 Nearer and nearer, down the mount descending,
 Draws that red radiance, and, praise God! the caverns
 Grow silent; while the brawlers, dumb with wonder,
 Gaze through the brightening rays, on pallid faces;
 And wait the blessed peace of God's white morning.

CHRIST'S PEERLESS SPOUSE.

As Eve from Adam's riven side
 Was brought in beauty bright and young
 So from the Saviour Crucified
 His peerless Spouse in glory sprung.

Bone of His bone, she cleaveth still
 Unto His side, O ne'er to part !
 Flesh of His flesh, she binds her will
 To the sweet motions of His heart.

White-robed and pure as morning light,
 In majesty through time and space
 She moves ; and every cankered blight
 Flies from the presence of her face.

No evil at her altar lives,
 No sordid sway in her desires ;
 The Father's breathing justice gives
 Eternal radiance to her fires.

Yet are there who with blighted gaze
 No beauty in her splendor see ;
 But deem her pure and glorious rays
 The pomp of scarlet blazonry.

Vain souls ! her tender mother love
 They miss, nor know the direful want ;
 Her hand with healing from above
 They miss, in mercies ministrant.

When sorrow steeps the heart in tears,
 How soothing is her soft caress ?
 When death comes with a thousand fears
 How sweet her words, that cheer and bless !

The praises of her Saviour Spouse
 In tones of ravishment she sings,
 Adores Him in His vaulted house
 With all the joy that music brings.

She takes the dreamer from the throng
 And fires his soul with visions sweet,
 That blossom forth in art and song,—
 She lays these at the Master's feet.

O Daughter of Eternal Love!
 Bride of the Everlasting Word!
 Unfaltering voice of Heavenly Dove,
 By saint and sage devoutly heard,—

I bow before thy sacred shrine,
 Where dwells the risen Christ; and there
 With thankful soul seek grace divine
 To live within thy tender care.

THE ETERNITY OF LOVE.

Oft in the deepening dusk of summer eve,
 When the wood echoed to the latest sounds
 Of the mad thrushes' music, I have stood
 And watched the star of evening where it burned
 In its white glory o'er the glowing west.

The hill-side pastures and the meadows fair,
 Touched by the freshness of the falling dew,
 Breathed out with fuller sweetness, and the air
 Throbbed with the joy of odors and sweet sounds.
 The twitter of the birds among the leaves,
 The rustling where the breeze passed whispering
 through,
 The frail, green crickets in the shrubs and trees,
 Spake but of peace and loveliness and rest,
 While the fair planet, with unmoving flame,
 Type of the light and purity of love,
 Shone o'er the darkening hollow of the west,
 And filled my soul with longings and sweet hopes.

Now, while the fields are white and all the trees
 Flaunt their black nakedness against the sky,
 Showing forsaken nests of yester-year,

And no voice cometh but the crow's harsh croak,
 And weary moan of the wind, again I stand,
 And watch the star in all its glory shine,
 Above the gathering shadows of the west.
 But, though the sweetness of the year is gone
 And the crisp air speaks but of death, I see
 No change upon the star's calm face ; I feel
 The influence of its beauty on my soul ;
 A sweet hope springs within me that foretells
 The eternity of love, and all my heart
 Throbs with a tender pleasure while I gaze !

THE DAYLIGHT WANETH.

The daylight waneth, and the night is near,
 The russet leaf hangs restless on the tree,
 The stubbled fields are brown, the meadows sear,—
 And brooding silence rests on hill and lea,—
 A listening silence that arouseth fear ;—
 The winter cometh and the night is near.

The morn with all its glow is passed away ;
 The flowers lie odorless upon the wold ;
 The birds are gone that cheered the waking day ;
 The sheep are huddled in the sheltering fold,—
 They joy not in the slant November ray ;—
 The pleasures of the morn are passed away.

A nipping frost sits in the voiceless breeze ;
 The grieving skies are clothed in ashen gray ;
 The river flows beneath autumnal trees
 And sadly shows the grief of their decay.
 There is no sound to soothe, no sight to please ;
 The night is near and frost is in the breeze.

Day fadeth fast, and clouds are in the sky ;
 Strange shadows flit like ghosts across the wold ;
 With moistened locks the white moon rides on high,
 Scattering thin mists upon the breezes cold.

I stand amid the sorrow and I sigh ;—
 My life is chill and clouds are in the sky.

THE WANDERER.

I stand amid the soundless solitude
 That holds the wasted upland, where the breeze
 Finds not a tree to greet her as she flies
 From the star-guarded north, and watch the moon
 Uplift her full-orbed glory from the hills,
 Flooding with radiant streams the silent night.

Below me sleeps the forest, silent, dark,
 In gorgeous robes autumnal garmented;
 And far away, by the white moon transfigured,
 Lies the broad river, winding through the vale,
 A mirror for the thousand city lights
 That speak of home and happiness and love.

Home, happiness and love! O words of might!
 Divine among the blest, but worse than hell
 Unto the fated heart that beats in want,
 The wanderer in the wilderness, who looks
 Upon the loving sweetneses of life
 And feels not their warm influence on the soul.

And so upon the wasted upland here
 I look upon the light of earth and sky,
 With heart more lone than the dead solitude,
 By shattered hopes and blight of sin distraught,
 And I cry shame upon the world, wherein
 I walk a wanderer homeless as the moon.

THE SILENT SONG.

I heard a voice at midnight, and it said,
 "Arise and walk among the silent fields!
 From out the blazing stars is born a song
 Whose harmony 'tis well thy soul should hear."

I rose and under moon and stars I walked
 Across the grassy fields, where, from moist flowers,
 The breeze plucked perfumes, bearing them away
 For careless wooers; and the song came down

Upon me, musical with God's own voice.
 Silent I stood and listened to the tones
 Streaming from everlasting deeps of heaven,
 A fountain of sweet sound and holy fire.

The flood of music drowned all groveling dreams,
 And my soul floated on a sea of love,
 The godlike love of human brotherhood.
 The deathless joy of youth lived in the song,
 White faith, truth's crescent power; fair charity,
 Whose living flame lights every soul to God;
 Hope with her pilot bark on wild seas tossed,
 Fearless of danger; these in spherical chords
 Of circling systems sang amid the sounds.

Then urged by rapture, in the dewy rays,
 I strove to set in words those angel tones;
 But ah! the glad supremacy of sound
 Was lost in passing through a brain of clay.
 Sweet echoes came, indeed, but faint and low
 Compared to the full song within my soul,
 The words fail; but the music evermore
 Abides with me, and fills my soul with joy.

A TYPE.

Dead are the flowers; they lie
 Under the drifted snow;
 Breezes above them blow
 Out of the boreal sky.

Soon through the clouds on high,
 Glad in his golden glow,
 Shineneth the sun; and, lo!
 Quick from the turf they fly.

God! let us glorify
 Thee; for the soul, e'en so,
 Out of the grave shall go
 Unto Eternity.

DAY WEARETH LATE.

Day with its labors weareth late ; and night,
 Among its gathering shadows in the east,
 Approacheth, chill with dews and breezes cool,
 Blotting away the beauty from the hills.
 So wears the brief day of my life ; and death,
 Robed in ungenial shadows and moist fears,
 Comes with slow pace but sure, to veil mine eyes
 From dreams of earthly loveliness and joy.

But though the weary years have borne me on
 In hurrying strife, though toil hath weighed me down,
 And sorrow's marks are deep upon my brow,
 Yet no fear sits upon my soul ; no toil
 Oppresseth her, no worldly cares confine ;
 For she hath more than eagle flight, and soars
 Among the sunset mountains of bright clouds,
 And from rich springs of glory there doth drink
 Hope and inspiring joy ; there doth renew
 Her youth, and plume her wings to farther flights.
 Angels her comrades are ; and God's deep voice
 Charming the ambient silence of the skies,
 Speaks words to her that burn of wondrous love.
 Night in its majesty inviteth her
 Among the star-bound chambers of vast space,
 Wherein with awe unspeakable she sees
 The gorgeous order of God's universe,
 The infinite bounties of His teeming love,
 The never-ending grandeur of His peace.
 There in rapt silence doth she fold her wings,
 And, harkening to the spherical harmonies,
 She learns the wisdom of His law, and hears
 The sweetness of His never-ceasing voice.

Thus have I known the nobleness of life,
 And felt within me all the warmth of love ;
 And, though the day be brief and the hour late,

Death hath no terrors, and his shadow falls
Over my senses, drowsing to a dream,
Soft as the evening twilight on hushed fields.

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

The purple hills are dreaming under robes of yellow haze,
And softly thro' the woodland falls a flood of golden rays;
But sadly in the yellow light the mild wind sighs and
grieves;

For its gentle kiss is followed by the falling of the leaves.

Oh, sad the tender whisperings that breathe among the
trees,

The languishing, soft odors that are borne upon the breeze ;
How sad the silent covering the fainting earth receives !
There comes a dream of sorrow with the falling of the
leaves.

No more from out the woodland rings the warbler's wild,
sweet song ;

No more is seen the bobolink the meadow flowers among ;
No sound but of the dropping nuts and rustling wind that
grieves

Among the moving branches for the falling of the leaves.

The river rolls in silence as it takes the dead leaves down,
And smiles not to the trees that lean above it bare and
brown ;

It smiles not, but with solemn face the faded freight
receives ;—

There's a dream of death and parting in the falling of the
leaves.

But Spring shall come again and bring the bird and flower
and leaf,

Sweet Spring shall come again and leave no sign of death
or grief ;

And sweeter shall its beauty be for the rest that earth
receives ;—

There's hope beyond the sorrow in the falling of the
leaves !

SOLITUDE.

O loving soul of Solitude, sweet maid
 Of meditative mien and tender grace,
 Wooing thy smile, oft through the pleasant shade
 I seek thee in thy secret dwelling place.

I hear thy foot-fall on the dewy green ;
 I feel thy presence near me, as on wings
 Of jubilant angels, soaring all unseen
 Among the stars, thy voice swift pleasure brings.

I love thy sacred haunts ; the sylvan stream
 That sings among the pines her solemn song
 Of birth and death ; the ever-varying dream
 Of joy that fills the woodland all day long ;

The music of the breezes in the leaves ;
 The murmurous hum of bees among the flowers ;
 The chirp of insects in the golden sheaves ;
 The birds' wild songs that cheer the morning hours ;

Such sounds, O Solitude, awake the soul
 To holy thoughts, above all touch of earth ;
 God opens wide His skies, the clouds unroll
 Strange splendors ; wondrous glories spring to birth.

A thousand pleasures in thy presence live
 Beyond all dreams of wealth and earthly greed ;
 No hope is sweeter than that thou canst give ;
 Truth and the love of love's thy lover's meed.

Bright daughter of eternity, thy clime,
 Though silent as the sun, is full of song ;
 Thy voice is prayer ; the crimson hue of crime
 Stains not thy brow, O Mother of the Strong.

JUBILATE DOMINO.

Throned on her opulent hills, in teeming abundance and
 splendor,
 Autumn reigns with her hand laid on the brow of the earth.

Calm is her gaze as she looks on the prosperous peace of the nation ;

Sweet are the odors that rise out of the folds of her robes.

Breaking from valley and meadow, ascend multitudinous voices,

Loud with the music of thanks, sweet with the perfume of prayer.

Hearts overjoyed in the gifts and blessings that come with the harvest,

Shouting their gladness and praise, lift them aloft to the skies.

Falling from silvery springs, the vociferous brooks of the mountain

Sing like children at play down through the shadowy groves.

Pure as a nun at her prayers in the sun-kissed hollow the lake lies,

Offering back to the skies all the rich light of the vale.

Sweet is the pleasure that comes from the sight of thy labors, O Father,

Sweet is the love that in song breaks from the bounds of the world.

Out of their deep-most caverns the murmurous waves of the ocean

Chant as they break on the shore praises eternal to Thee.

Flows from thy fathomless bosom a fountain of love everlasting,

Making the nations of earth sweet with the wash of its waves.

Sure as the sun in his sphere is the infinite sway of Thy mercy,

So is creation's frame safe in the power of Thy hand.

EVENING.

Another day has closed its eyes
 Upon the shadow-shedding skies,
 And lo, the moon, with mellow beam,
 Uprises like a holy dream.

And wearied, by the wearing day,
 I homeward turn my lonely way
 With aching limbs and careworn breast,
 I bless the night that brings me rest.

But what though worn and full of care,—
 I'd change not with the millionaire,
 Whose heavy soul, from labor free,
 Still seeks relief in revelry.

With pleasures few but sweet I'm blest,
 An easy mind, my nightly rest,
 My loving home and simple store,
 With health and peace—I ask no more.

STAR OF THE MORN.

Star of the morn whose ray
 Shines o'er the ocean wave,
 Seeking thy cheering light
 Come we to thee;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 Out of the tempest save,
 Wandering all the night
 O'er the dark sea.

Bride of the Mighty One,
 Born without stain of sin,
 Burdened by weariness
 Come we to thee;
 Plead with thy tender Son,—
 May we His mercy win;
 Save us in our distress,
 Tossed on the sea.

IN THE FIELDS.

I stood among the murmurous clover blooms
 When the soft air was pleasant on my face
 With burdens of sweet bird-songs and perfumes
 And hints of delicate essences, that trace
 Their birth to odorous gardens and fair groves,
 Where choiring thrushes chant and down-voiced doves.

The sunlight slanted from the morning skies,
 And every moist blade in the valley wide
 Was lustrous; and the river, where it lies
 Among the green hills, hushed its lingering tide,
 And sleeping in cerulean peace, up-smiled
 Against the heavens like an unwaked child.

I know not why, but o'er my spirit there
 A sadness fell that bowed my soul in woe;
 The bird-songs came like dirges through the air,
 The daisied banks appeared like drifted snow;
 The clover's scent and murmur of the bees
 Were fraught of lost hopes and dead memories.

Then suddenly from out the zenith fell
 The screaming of a hawk; at once a deep
 Funereal stillness settled o'er the dell,—
 It seemed the very bees had fallen asleep;
 And fear, with under-breathings faintly heard,
 Made mute the voiceful music of each bird.

On wide wings poised that falcon wheeling viewed
 The slumbrous valley; then like arrow fleet
 Shot through blue depths of air beyond the wood
 Where rose the hills the smile of heaven to meet;
 And as he vanished from the skies, anew
 The stir of life was roused the valley through.

And from the grove near by a clear voice came,
 A thrush's warble, wild and weird and soft,
 Like a young poet's song, a living flame

Lighting the utterance, that, repeated oft,
 Awakened answering echoes full of love
 And happiness and peace through field and grove,

All fear was flown ; the woods were loud again
 With various voices, and the noise of bees
 Rose on the air once more, while o'er the plain
 Bearing soft odors floated the slow breeze ;
 So, full of eager joy, I stood among
 The blossoming clover, listening to the song.

THE SHELTERED DOVE.

I walked in the sweet May morning
 'Neath blossoming orchard trees,
 Where the air was rich with fragrance
 And murmurous with the bees.

The dew on the young grass glistened,
 Rare gems in the sunlight strewn ;
 And clouds through the cool clear azure
 Like petals of flowers were blown.

And pleasure and peace and beauty
 O'er-brimmed both sky and earth ;
 Here sorrow could have no biding
 And sin could have no birth.

Then I heard a sudden flutter
 In the leaves above my head ;
 And a white dove stricken with terror
 Into my bosom sped.

A falcon, fierce and silent
 Beheld with a piercing eye
 The fluttering dove and the rescue ;
 Then soaring, clove the sky.

I said, " 'Tis a tender symbol
 Of the saving power of love ;
 God yield a sheltering haven
 To each defenseless dove."

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OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

In the black earth my buried body lies,
 With eyelids closed against the feverish day,
 Cold and insensate as the covering clay
 That hides the narrow room from the broad skies ;
 In the moist grave it lies, and at the head
 A marble tombstone fondly legended.

And one comes weeping to my grave each day,
 And, strewing flowers bedewed in tear-drops, calls
 Upon my name against the voiceless walls,
 As if beneath the mouldering turf I lay :
 Grieving he tells in bitter, mad distress ***
 His sorrow and ceaseless love and loneliness.

But I among the purging shadows go
 Of this dark nether region, vast and strange,
 In shuddering gloom that never knoweth change,
 Moving on restless pinions to and fro,
 Reft of the light of God's eternal day,
 Till every earthly stain shall pass away.

And hovering ever on unresting wing,
 I bide the eternal mercy with a fire
 Of deathless love and wasting, wild desire
 To look upon the face of God, my King.
 Oh, thou, in tears so idle and so vain,
 How would thy prayers redeem me from this pain !

With thee, with thee, O weeping love of mine,
 My earthly thoughts full oft were wont to stray ;
 In shady paths we loitered when the day
 Was full of light, and pleasure's sun did shine ;
 And earth so mad with happiness did seem
 'Twas very heaven, and death was but a dream.

Ah me, thou hast not yet forgotten me !
 But oh, to me the memory were more sweet
 Expressed in prayer to Heaven's Mercy Seat ;

So from the stains of earth I should be free,
 The gates of glory open, and the night
 Pass swift away in everlasting light.

THE SONG OF A TRAMP.

The midnight stars are blazing
 From out the welkin wide,
 And o'er the restless river
 They dance on the shimmering tide.

While homeless and friendless,
 I wander wild and free;
 I care for no one, good or bad,
 And no one cares for me.

The north wind, fierce and hard with frost,
 Comes whistling o'er the moor ;
 'Tis bitter as the faces
 I meet at every door.

The brown leaves on the oak trees
 Are singing in the blast ;
 They seem to think of summer time
 And dream of pleasures past.

But never a thought of pleasure
 Or happy dream have I ;
 The spring has no more hope for me
 Than winter's midnight sky.

For then in wood or field I sleep,
 Or damp and loathsome cave,
 And now to warmer barn I slink,
 A coward and a knave.

And homeless and friendless,
 I wander wild and free ;
 I care for no one, good or bad,
 And no one cares for me.

A PSALM OF JOY.

The world is roused to joy ; the risen morning
 Hears from her orient gates no sound of woe.
 The husbandman, full-hearted, rests from labor
 And lifts his voice in thanksgiving and praise.
 The yellow sun-light smiles upon the hillsides,
 And brooks are laughing down the verdurous dells,
 The fallen leaves, wide-scattered through the valleys,
 Are sung to slumber by the requiem winds.
 The shadowy uplands, and the sunny meadows,
 In their late greenness, glow like vigorous age.
 The fields are shorn and fallow, and the fruitage,
 With toil and thrift is gathered into barns.
 The smoke above each home in wreaths ascending
 Bears to the skies sweet tidings of content.
 Day wanes, but growing night brings naught of sorrow ;
 And winter draws apace with songs of rest.
 War's voice is hushed, and Peace, God's blessed angel,
 Sings through the land sweet songs of hope and love.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

Above the homes of the city
 Rings out the Angelus bell ;
 It comes with Gabriel's message
 In the voice of Israfel.
 The solemn tones and tender
 Descend upon the air
 Through the golden mists of sun-rise,
 To summon the soul to prayer.
 O'er the busy whirl of noon-tide,
 'Mid all the toils of life,
 Like drops of holy water
 On the anxious brow of strife ;
 So falls the bell's calm ringing
 Upon the heart of care ;
 It comes as a call from the Father
 To raise the soul to prayer.

The toiler turning homeward
At evening's quiet hour,
Gives ear to the sacred music,
Rejoicing in its power.
It brings to his mind the Virgin
And the Blessed Babe she bare ;
The thought is a benediction,
That lifts his soul in prayer.

LATE AND ALONE.

I walk with wavering will
Upon a windy hill ;
Alone 'neath angry skies,
Where threatening clouds uprise ;
While creep along the vale
Dull shadows, weird and pale.

The branches of bare trees
Are bending in the breeze ;
The distant grove of pine,
Sends forth a piteous whine ;
While dead, beneath my feet,
Are flowers and grasses sweet.

Night comes and winter cold ;
The bleakness I behold ;
Of singing youth bereft ;
No pleasant visions left,
I walk 'mid sigh and moan,
Late, late, and all alone.

ECHOES FROM ERIN.

BESIDE THE RIVER LEE.

O, the light of morn is breaking
Over Erin's heathery hills,
While from field and fell and mountain
Gush a thousand shining rills.
And I hear the bells outringing,—
'Tis a sound of joy to me,
And it fills my heart with music
As I walk along the Lee.

O, the dew upon the shamrock
Mirrors Erin's hopes and fears ;
Through the lonely hours of darkness
Falling moist, like dripping tears ;
But against the rising sunshine
How it flashes bright and free !
'Tis a type of Erin's glory
As I walk along the Lee.

With a smile of cheer the farmer
Goes to meet his morning toil ;
For no more he fears the landlord,
As the plow-share turns the soil ;
Proud he goes in holy freedom ;
There's no happier man than he ;
I can hear his far-off singing
As I walk along the Lee.

And the children on the hill-side
Round the cottage run and play ;
E'en the birds among the hedges
Are no blither now than they ;

And my bosom swells to see them
 And to join them in their glee;
 But 'tis only in my dreaming
 That I walk along the Lee.

Only dreaming, Erin, dreaming
 Of thy glory evermore;
 For as yet the day of honor
 Is but dawning on thy shore;
 But there's radiance on the hill-tops,
 And it runs from sea to sea;
 And with hope thy heart is shining
 Like the dews along the Lee.

"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

O, ye loyal sons of Erin
 Your land will soon be free;
 Whatever skies above you rise
 Shall ring with jubilee;
 For every manly heart will hail
 The news with glad refrain—
 As Davis prayed—our country made
 "A nation once again."

O, send home the friendly god-speed
 To Erin's gallant band,
 The men who long have fought the wrong,
 And wrought for mother land.
 Since England speaks for justice
 The shores of France and Spain
 Are ringing out the joyful shout,
 "A nation once again."

So New Zealand and Australia
 Their powerful words unite
 With far away America
 In one loud song for right;
 And back to holy Erin
 We send the mighty strain,
 "The righteous hand has made our land
 A nation once again."

GRANA WEAL.

This ancient Gaelic name, rendered in English by "Grace O'Malley," has long been used as a title for Ireland.

O, Grana Weal, my shining queen,
 Thy hour of grief is o'er;
 And in the morning's light serene
 Thy brow is raised once more.
 New radiance in thine eye appears,
 Thy fondness to reveal,—
 That eye so long bedimmed with tears,
 My gracious Grana Weal.

O, Grana Weal, how fair thou art !
 How far thy beauties shine !
 Thy peerless glory lifts the heart
 Like draughts of richest wine.
 To song divine thou givest voice
 Our ancient woes to heal ;
 Ah ! how thy listening sons rejoice
 To hear thee, Grana Weal !

I see the sun-light on thy face,
 And on thy yellow hair ;
 Though bowed so long in dark disgrace
 Thou risest wondrous fair !
 What tongue can tell thy gladness now,
 Or chant the joy we feel
 To see the glory on thy brow,
 Our royal Grana Weal ?

Ah me ! how deep the sorrow of
 Thy valiant sons hath been !
 How high and holy was the love
 They bore for thee, my queen !
 They suffered cruel taunt and scorn
 Through days of blood and steel ;
 But all's forgot this blessed morn
 Immortal Grana Weal !

The sacred love of motherland
 Ennobles every heart ;
 We take the foeman by the hand,
 And bid old feuds depart.
 Our faith to God and righteous law
 We'll keep with holy zeal ;
 For earth no truer faith e'er saw
 Than thine, my Grana Weal.

COLLEGE GREEN.

Arise, O Mother Erin,
 Thy night of woe is o'er ;
 Behold ! the dawn is breaking
 In joy upon thy shore.
 Arise in all thy splendor,
 And shine again a queen ;
 The sacred lamp of wisdom
 Returns to College Green.

Once more the harp of Tara
 Shall wake to notes of worth ;
 Thy name shall ring, O Erin,
 Throughout the bounds of earth.
 On every hill thy sunburst
 In glory shall be seen,
 While comes from every nation
 A cheer for College Green.

O, gallantly and keenly
 Thy sons have held the fray,
 And high their hearts are beating
 To see thy smile today ;
 Thy glory is their triumph,
 The glory of their queen ;
 Thy pride are they, my Erin,
 Thy guard in College Green.

Sing out, ye sons of Erin !
 Let songs of joy resound !
 Nor shall a voice of wailing

In all the land be found ;
 Be Erin's sons united
 In bonds of love serene,
 While shines for home and freedom
 The light of College Green.

THE LITTLE DARK ROSE.

Roisin Dubh, or little dark rose, is one of the ancient poetic names of Ireland.

Raise the song of joy again,
 Let it sound from glen to glen,
 While the mountains send their echoes back from shore to shore ;
 From an age-long bondage free,
 Let the people shout in glee,
 For the little rose of Erin is in bloom once more.

There is now no sorrow seen
 Where the fields are fair and green,
 And there's gladness in the valley where the shamrock grows ;
 Song and music mingle sweet
 With the flash of dancing feet,
 While we cherish in our heart of hearts our sweet dark rose.

We forget the age of wrong
 In the burden of our song ;
 And from Baltimore to Rathlin Isle the new light glows ;
 From the lands beyond the sea
 Come the greetings of the free,
 And their cheers to hail the blooming of our own dark rose.

Dear old motherland, thy name
 Shall be blazoned forth in fame,
 And the story of thy glory ring in rhyme and prose ;
 While we walk with forehead high
 'Neath thy sun-burst in the sky,
 All the world shall hail the rising of our small dark rose.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Come in, alanna, and sit by the fire ;
 'Tis cold outside, and the night is drear ;
 You're welcome here as the heart's desire,
 For you never came but with looks of cheer.

And cheer I need ; for I'm long forlorn ;
 Since Michael left me, 'tis seven dark years ;
 But this blessed night when our Lord was born
 May bring an end to my grieves and fears.

Ah ! yes, 'tis true, there's a plate at his place ;
 When I set the table on Christmas eve
 I always expect to behold his face
 And his happy greeting again receive.

Mavrone, mavrone, 'tis a long, long day,
 A day of heart-ache and loueliness,
 Since from old Erin he went away,
 My baby Michael, my heart's distress.

For he was the youngest of six, and came
 Like an angel of grace when the father died ;
 The care of the child was a warming flame ;
 And his strong youth lifted my soul with pride.

The other five are scattered abroad
 Through the world's wide bounds ; but my youngest
 son,
 My Michael,—I hoped 'twas the will of God
 To leave him with me till my life was done.

You knew him well, and he often gazed
 In your deep blue eyes with a look of love,—
 Ah ! Mary, how often I heard you praised
 As a man might praise the angels above !

And surely the hope was bright in my heart,
 That you'd be his bride and a daughter of mine ;
 But forced by the roving will to part,
 He left me here to mourn and pine.

Yet I can't give over the notion I have
 That on Christmas eve he'll come back again ;
 Sure, he said when he went that only the grave
 Could keep his feet from his native plain.

Hark ! didn't you hear a sound outside ?
 Like a step of a man in the field, coming through ?
 Sure, Mary, the door is opened wide !
 'Tis himself ! "O mother !" Ah ! Michael, 'tis you.

THE BLACK-BIRD'S SONG.

O Dermot dear, a glad new year
 For Ireland has begun,
 The dew-drop on the shamrock green
 Is shining to the sun.
 The black-bird sings again, and brings
 True joy to all who hear ;
 Come back, come back to motherland
 And greet her glad new year.

Ah, Dermot, long the age of wrong
 Has kept thee from thine own ;
 Thy soul in patient sorrowing
 Has wept, and wept alone ;
 But God is good ! His power has stood
 With men of holy will ;
 And now our dark rose smiles again
 From every vale and hill.

O pure and bright in freedom's light
 Is Erin's form serene ;
 The sun-burst breaking o'er her hills
 Adorns our island queen.
 With tearless eyes her sons arise,
 And loud their voices ring :—
 O child of Erin, hasten home
 And hear the black-bird sing.

THE PARLIAMENT IN DUBLIN.

Come back to your mother, my Seumas,
Come back o'er the ocean to me ;
The bonds of the slave have been broken,
And the fields of our country are free.
O, the people of Erin are singing
As happy as larks in the nest ;
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin,
They lift up their heads with the best.

No longer the hand of the traitor
Brings sorrow and shame to our door ;
We fear not the frown of the land-lord,
And the power of the proctor is o'er ;
O, we fear not the frown of the land-lord,
For the acres we till are our own ;
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin,
We're proud as the King on his throne.

O, Seumas, the sorrows of Erin
Are vanished like dreams of the night ;
The hills and the valleys are shining
With love and with laughter and light.
We sing of the glories of Erin,
New-risen from gloom to the dawn ;
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin
The hour of her weeping is gone.

Then, Seumas, come back to your mother,
Come back o'er the ocean again ;
There are voices of pleasure to greet you
With welcomes from mountain and glen.
Too long in the world you have wandered,
A stranger with strangers to roam ;
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin
Rich blessings await you at home.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

Swift from the East comes the light of the morning ;
In purple and gold, how it springs from the sea !

And piercing the gloom of oppression and scorning,
 Throws rainbow-like radiance, loved Erin, o'er thee.
 Bright grows the blue of the high dome above thee ;
 Fled are the foes who brought sorrows to prove thee ;
 While to thy shores throng the children who love thee,
 And sing thy glad anthem, O Erin go bragh.

Long years of grief kept thy strong bosom aching ;
 Long in thy woe hast thou watched for the dawn ;
 The flash of the storm oft resembled its breaking,
 But deepened the darkness till hope seemed withdrawn.
 Never again will the false lights betray thee ;
 Rise, Erin, rise, in thy glories array thee ;
 True are thy sons, and their faith will repay thee
 For all thy long bondage, O Erin go bragh.

Strike the glad harp ; let the low note of sorrow
 Be heard in thy mountains and valleys no more ;
 Turn, turn in thy joy to the light of the morrow,
 When justice and honor shall reign on thy shore.
 Hark to the sounds that arise from each dwelling !
 Music and song from glad bosoms are swelling,
 The peace and the grandeur thus proudly foretelling
 That wait on thy waking, O Erin go bragh.

IRELAND'S SONG OF CHEER.

O, Erin, mother Erin,
 Thy hour of joy is near ;
 Put on thy richest raiment,
 And show a heart of cheer :
 Show all the world the glory
 That shines upon thy shore ;
 O mother dear, my Erin,
 Thy age of woe is o'er.

Now let a joyful music
 Bring in the dawning day ;
 Give o'er thy weary wailing,
 The tear-drops dash away :

Thy friends are brave and powerful
Thy foes too weak to fear ;
O, Erin, mother Erin,
Thy jubilee is near.

O, Erin, holy Erin,
The hand of tyrant wrong
With cruel power has crushed thee,
And held thee down too long.
In pride thy sons now hail thee
And chase away thy fear ;
Raise up thy sacred standard,
And shout a song of cheer.

Raise high thy shining sunburst,
O'er mountain, hill and plain ;
A place among the nations
Shall be for thee again ;
The story of thy glory
Shall sound from shore to shore,
O, heart of mine, my Erin,
Thy head shall bow no more.

THE BEAUTY OF ERIN.

O, the dew that falls in Erin
Is a blessing to my eyes ;
'Tis a sweeter sight in Erin
Than the dew of alien skies.
And the stars that shine on Erin
Have no fairer fields in view ;
O, I long to see that starlight
And the sheen of Erin's dew.

O, the dark-green hills of Erin,
That my sires have trod of yore,
How they smile to greet the freedom
That is coming back once more.
How the waters of her valleys
Throw their splendor to the skies !

While each heart in happy Erin
Sings aloud in glad surprise.

O, the songs of happy Erin
Are no longer songs of woe ;
See ! her face is turning sunward,
And her eyes are all aglow ;
For her night of woe is over,
And her day of triumph near :
Mellow tones of holy music
Fall with greetings on her ear.

O, my motherland, my Erin,
Thou wert charming in thy grief ;
Passing sweet in thy despairing,
Like a rose with drooping leaf ;
But with joy upon thy forehead,
And the sunlight on thy hair,
None can vie with thee in glory,
Or in beauty can compare.

WHERE THE HILLS OF KERRY RISE.

All my dreaming is in Erin,
Where the winter clouds are clearing ;
There the throstle's note is ringing
And the lark is in the skies ;
And my heart would fain be going
Where the silver Fleck is flowing,
I would see the fresh green springing
Where the hills of Kerry rise.

Oh, the gloom is disappearing
From the holy vales of Erin,
And no more the tears of sorrow
Quench the love light of her eyes ;
Out of fairy Innisfallen
To my soul a voice is calling,
While the lakes new beauties borrow
Where the hills of Kerry rise.

From the fields and mountain passes
 Hie the happy lads and lasses,
 And to hail the coming splendor
 Send aloft their cheering cries ;
 Proud of Ireland's ancient story,
 Heartened by her rising glory,
 Oh, the love is true and tender
 Where the hills of Kerry rise.

I behold my land awaking
 With the dawn about her breaking,
 With the light of faith above her
 And the rapture in her eyes ;
 So my heart would fain be going
 Where the silver Flesh is flowing ;
 For the hours of grief are over
 Where the hills of Kerry rise.

A THIR MO CHROIDHE.*

Across the sky is the swift rack flying,
 Low in the west is the dying moon,
 Through gusty three-tops the winds are sighing,—
 The night of grief will be ended soon.

The long, long night and the weary waiting !
 The woe and weeping of lonesome hours !
 The fear of friends and the foeman's hating !
 At last, thank God, there's a smell of flowers.

On far-flung meadows the dews are lying,
 There's a touch of dawn on the distant sea ;
 We'll hear no longer thy children crying ;
 The morn is waking, a thir mo chroidhe.

The morn is waking and all the glory
 That shone around thee in days of yore
 Shall lift thy soul ; and thy tearful story
 Be hushed in silence forevermore.

*Pronounced A heer ma chree : O, land of my heart,

SONGS IN SAPPHICS.

I.—THE JOY OF LOVE.

Now the days grow long, and the sun returning
Makes the green hills glow in a wealth of splendor,
And the wild birds, loud in the quickening radiance
Carol their love-songs.

Over banks grown white with the beds of bluets,
Where the stream comes down from the mountain singing,
There the young lambs play on the tender grasses,
Glad in the spring-time.

O, the sweet morn calls to the heart in rapture,
And invites young love to enjoy the sweetness ;
While the warm sun reigns let a rule of pleasure
Reign with us likewise.

Let our souls outsing in the joy of loving,
As the wild thrush sings in the greening coppice ;
Days of care come soon ; but the light shall lead us
While it is May-time.

Days of care come soon ; but the songs of morning
Bring their bright joys home to illumine the bosom,
And as warm days wane in the chill of winter
Thrill on the heart-strings.

II.—THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

Lo, the rain comes down and the stream is roaring
By the dark wood-side, and the kine for shelter
Seek the wide-limbed oak, where they crowd together
Fearing the storm-clouds.

Though the winds blow loud and the rain is falling,
 Though the flowers lie dead in the damp mornings,
 Bright our love shall be, and no fear shall ever
 Darken our windows.

And if care shall come, with the tear of sorrow,—
 And it comes too soon, like the rains of autumn,—
 With a high-born hope, we shall meet it bravely,
 Singing our love-songs.

We have sung glad songs from the early morning,
 We have walked fair paths in the summer weather,
 While the brown leaves fall we are singing, singing,
 Journeying downward.

III.—THE DREAMS OF LOVE.

There's a fair green hill by the silent river,
 Where in days gone by we have walked together,
 Shaping love's bright dreams, that have never faded
 Out of our bosom.

There's a cool dark grove on a lonely hill-side,
 Where the wood thrush sang in the pleasant summer,
 And where joy sang back from our hearts as echoes,
 Happy with love-light.

There's a deep blue lake in a shady hollow ;
 Oft at eve we stood on the shore in silence,
 And our love shone white as the water lilies,—
 Purer in sweetness.

O, my love, my own, though our day is waning,
 And the time flows fast as the night approacheth,
 Yet we fear no ills ; for the light of morning
 Shineth around us.

O, we fear no ills, for the thrush is singing,
 And a green path leads through the field forever ;
 Still the blue lake smiles, and the water lilies
 Gladden its features.

But the light shines fair on our happy journey ;
 In our hearts no storm has a shade of sorrow ;
 For our souls are one ; and the joy of loving
 Lives with us always.

IV.—THE BEAUTY OF LOVE.

All the west shines out in a radiant sunset ;
 'Tis a rose bower, rich with angelic roses ;
 And its red rays gleam on the east, the vapors
 Turning to pansies.

And with warm hands clasped, do we stand together
 On the fair wide field, where the flocks are feeding,
 And our souls look back on the crimson roses,
 Blooming at sun-rise.

O, a far, far time was that early morning,
 On the green hill slope and the crimson roses,
 And our hearts throbbed, full of the sacred splendor,
 Full of the sweetness.

But the showers came down, and our days were darkened
 With the clouds earth sent from her tearful hollows,
 Yet the rose light shone, of that early morning
 Bright on our dreaming.

And the rose light shines ; for our hearts are lifted
 By the strong high hope of a blest hereafter ;
 And our souls are bound in the sacramental
 Union of love-light.

V.—THE PERMANENCE OF LOVE.

When the round moon rose from the wooded mountain,
 And her calm face shone on the trembling river,
 You, with face all calm, but with heart atremble,
 Harked to my pleading.

O, that moon-light night, with the starry splendor,
 In my soul still lives, and the cooling breezes,
 On my brow I feel, as that night I felt them,
 Urging my love-suit.

Then my songs came, new from a throbbing bosom,
 From a soul bowed low under searching sorrow,
 From a heart all flame ; and thy spirit kindled
 Sweet to its ardor.

Then I sang, "Come, Love, where the flowers are growing;
 Come away, where birds in the groves are singing ;
 Let us lift our souls to the joys that heaven
 Builds in our love-light."

And the flowers grew sweet where our feet have wandered,
 And the birds gave song as we walked together ;
 Still the love-light shines from the glowing azure
 Over our path-way.

VI.—THE MUSIC OF LOVE.

Now the full moon breaks from the wooded hill-top,
 And the white star shines on the brow of evening ;
 But the North breathes cold, and the frozen river
 Slumbers in silence.

Ah ! the North breathes cold ; but the stars in glory,
 From the deep skies gaze on our lighted pathway,
 And our hearts beat warm as we walk together
 Into the valley.

Love is always young, and the songs he taught us
 When the May moon shone, are as sweet as ever ;
 Still they fill our ears with their pleasant music,
 Sweeter than bird-notes.

Though the trees are bare and the choirs have left them
 That at noonday poured on the air their chorus,
 In our souls ring tones of a heavenly music,
 Sweet as in June-tide.

So the days may change, and the gloom of Winter,
 With the storm-clouds cold, o'er the hill-tops darken,
 Still our hearts beat time to our journey onward
 Singing our love-songs.

VII.—THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE.

While we walk 'mid flowers when the birds are singing,
O'er the green grass-path by the shining river,
Then the thought oft comes that the hours are fleeting
Fast toward Winter.

When the wind blows cold and the surly tempest
Sifts the hard snow down over hill and valley,
Even then comes hope to the cheerful bosom
Dreaming of June-time.

So when love-light shines, and the heart is ringing
With the wild free songs of a present pleasure,
Like a death-knell oft is a note of sorrow
Borne to the bosom.

And as oft, when bowed in a cloud of anguish
Lies the soul, strange tones, as of heavenly music,
Lift the heart from gloom, and the cloud departing,
Raise it in rapture.

Whence the dark thought, whence, in the hour of pleasure?
Whence the swift wild joy that uplifts the tearful?
There's a Guide whose hand is upon the spirit,
Leading her homeward.

